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THE BALKAN QUESTION

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THE declaration of war upon Turkey by the Balkan states has reopened an old sore in European diplomacy. It has threatened that delicate equilibrium of forces known in the language of diplomacy as the balance of power in Europe. As this principle has formed the pivot upon which the diplomacy of Europe has turned for about three centuries, the situation is especially interesting from the diplomatic standpoint. Nor are questions of European diplomacy any longer a matter of indifference to Americans. Though we avoid, in so far as possible, intermeddling with them officially, we are affected by them and hence we follow them with a certain degree of practical interest rather than out of merely idle curiosity or a desire to appear learned.

In respect to the interest taken by Americans in foreign affairs, a marked change has taken place within very recent times. But a little over fifty years ago, the Crimean War, in which more than half of Europe was engaged, appeared to concern Americans very little more than if it were being waged upon the planet of Mars. Nor is this change due to a keener taste for things warlike, nor yet to the fact that we now have oversea possessions. It is due rather to the fact that, as a result of improved means of transportation and of distributing intelligence, the different parts of the globe have been drawn closer together so that disturbances in the commercial, financial, diplomatic or political status of any of the parts produce a much greater and more prompt reaction throughout all the members

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than ever before. National isolation has become a mere empty phrase to which there is nothing corresponding in external reality.

Added to the practical interest which we have in matters which affect our markets, there is not a little in the attempt of the baby Balkan states to solve a problem which has baffled Europe for over five centuries that appeals to the heroic in us. For whether or not the era of hero-worship is past, the strivings of a people to realize their legitimate ambitions can never fail to challenge our admiration until our emotions cease to respond to patriotic stimuli.

But in order that we may get an intelligent appreciation of the Turkish question as it exists to-day and of the patriotic impulses which have forced the Balkan states into alliance and into action, it is necessary that we take a brief historical survey. For there are some questions which to be understood at all must be approached from the viewpoint of the historian, and the Turkish question is decidedly one of this type. We cannot, therefore, be justly accused of pedantry for adopting this method of approach.

Between five and six centuries ago, the Turks, who are an Asiatic people, overran a considerable portion of south-eastern Europe and among the peoples brought under subjection to their rule were the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Serbs and the Montenegrins. But though a change of government was forced upon them by the sword, the conquered peoples were never absorbed by their conquerors. The Greeks could never forget that while the Turk as an untamed and untutored savage was still roaming the semi-arid plains of Asia, they were in the very vanguard of civilization and had by reason of the brilliancy of their superior intellect manifesting itself in the fields of literature, art, and philosophy placed all coming generations debtor unto them. No more could they forget that their ancestors had beaten back from the soil of Greece the Asiatic hosts sent against them by the world-empire of Persia.

Neither could the Bulgarians forget that they had survived the Roman influence and could boast the military honor of having slain in battle one of the successors of Augustus and Constantine; that during the reign of Simeon (917 to 927) Bul-

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garia had, to quote the language of Gibbon, "assumed a rank among the civilized powers of the earth"; that Stambuloff, the "Bulgarian Bismarck," was one of the ablest statesmen Europe has produced; that no amount of tyranny had succeeded in making a Turk out of a Bulgar or in quenching their patriotic aspirations.

No more could the Servians forget that their dominions had in the middle of the fourteenth century stretched from the Danube to the Gulf of Corinth and from the Adriatic to within a short distance of Adrianople; that under Dusan the Servian Empire was the leader of the Balkan states; that the Servian plain of Kossovo has been the Armageddon of nations; that a Serb, whether in Servia or in Macedonia, is outraged whenever he is compelled to submit to the barbarities of Turkish rule.

No less impossible was it for Montenegro to forget that though she has never been a great state, her people were imbued with that spirit of liberty and intolerance of oppression characteristic of a mountain people. The same spirit which impelled them to defy the great Napoleon, in admiration for which act Napoleon III intervened to secure their independence, has now impelled them to defy the power of the Turks.

Given peoples from whom the national consciousness and spirit of liberty could not be eradicated and ruled by a Government which did not understand them, having little in common with them and no sympathy for them, it is not at all surprising that the Balkans should have been a trouble-cauldron the noisome fumes from which have for generations polluted the political atmosphere of Europe. Such has indeed been the fact. The condition has long been recognized as intolerable. It required no political seer to discover that no remedy could be anything more than a temporary makeshift which did not result in confining Turkish rule to territory populated almost exclusively by Turks, whereas there are to-day over a million more Christians than Turks in European Turkey. To believe that this was not clear to the Powers of Europe, is a reflection on their intelligence.

But who was to apply the remedy? Russia volunteered, and the treaties of Kutchuk-Kainardji, 1774, Jassy, 1792, Bucharest, 1812, Akerman, 1826, Adrianople, 1829, Unkiar-Skelessi, 1833,

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San Stefano, 1878, represent a series of compromises under which the territory and influence of Turkey were limited and those of Russia extended. The control of the Bosphorus was a dream of the Czars which at times seemed close to realization. An outlet on an unfrozen sea was a natural, national longing.

This way of dealing with the problem did not however meet with the approval of the commercial Powers of Europe. England in particular objected, as the natural outcome of the plan would be to place Russia in control of the eastern Mediterranean. This would be too great a threat to England's line of communications with India for her to permit it, unless compelled to. Whatever threatens England's line of communications with India touches her at a point where the nerves are especially sensitive and close to the surface. Her contention was that by reason of Turkey's position, the Turkish question was a European question and not one for settlement by Russia and Turkey alone. She therefore forced Russia to submit the question to a conference of the Powers which met in London, 1840, at which the secret treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi was revised downward. The Conference of Paris, 1856, was another meeting of the Powers of Europe for the general purpose of settling the Turkish question, but for the specific purpose of limiting still further Russian control in Turkish affairs. The last great congress for this purpose was the Conference of Berlin, 1878, called for the purpose of making waste paper out of the greater part of the Treaty of San Stefano. This they succeeded in doing. But they succeeded also in committing a decided blunder. The Treaty of San Stefano, after recognizing the independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, had provided for a Greater Bulgaria which included most of Macedonia and would separate the two parts of Turkey in Europe. Bulgaria would then have been considerably the most important of the Balkan states. The distasteful feature of this was not so much the extent of its territory but the conviction upon the part of the Powers that, having been brought into being by Russian arms, it would be virtually a dependency of Russia, though theoretically under Turkish suzerainty. There was the further fear that it was merely another step in the plan of Russia to get control of the Bosphorus and

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there was a determination so to act as to discourage the entertainment of any such hope.

But granted that England and Austria would be so threatened in their vital interests by Russian control of Constantinople that it would be dangerous and unwise for them to permit it and granted further that a separation of Macedonia from Bulgaria was necessary to prevent the consummation of Russia's plan, it was not necessary that they should have left the Christians of Macedonia without a guarantee that Turkey would inaugurate the reforms provided for in the Treaty of Berlin.

Article 62 of this treaty provides that "The Sublime Porte having expressed the intention to maintain the principle of religious liberty, and give it the widest scope, the contracting parties take note of this spontaneous declaration." Whether or not this provision appealed to the sense of justice of the Turk, it must have appealed to the sense of humor of the signatories, i. e., assuming that they possessed any sense of humor. But the treaty does not stop here; it provides further that "In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall differences of religion be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries." And still more specifically, "All persons shall be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals."

The fatal weakness of this as a contract for the purpose of binding the Turkish Government is that it provides no guarantee for the enforcement of its provisions, i. e., provides no penalty in case the provisions of the treaty are not complied with. As a matter of fact those reforms have never been inaugurated in good faith and the Christian has never been and is not now on an equal footing with the Mohammedan in the Turkish courts. Christians have had their property pillaged, been robbed, their wives and children outraged and even murdered, without being able to secure any redress in the Turkish courts. This is pretty generally recognized by those who have made a careful study of conditions on the spot. Such were the conditions in Macedonia when the massacre at Protchana convinced the Balkan states that

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conditions were so intolerable that they must be remedied and that war was the only remedy.

The Powers had recognized that the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin were not being complied with by the Porte and after considering the matter at the Muerzsteg conference of 1903 and the Buchlau conference of 1912 between von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, and Count Berchtold, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Austria, representations were made to the Porte calling upon it to introduce the necessary reforms. These representations resulted in the securing of promises, but nothing more. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Balkan Allies should have despaired of anything being accomplished without a resort to force. For they had, and not without cause, reached the conclusion that force is the only form of argument which appeals to a Turk. Accordingly Montenegro declared war, which was soon followed by a like declaration from the other members of the alliance.

At the beginning of the war, most military critics were of the opinion that the chances were strongly in favor of a Turkish triumph. They pointed out the facts that the Turkish army was superior in numbers, would move along the shorter lines, could readily keep in touch with its different units, would be operating close to its base of supplies, and could cut the Allies up in detail, thus crushing them separately instead of being compelled to fight their combined force; that the Turkish soldier was superior in military valor to the soldiers of the Allies, that the Turkish army was organized upon the German basis under the supervision of von der Goltz and would be led by generals of greater military experience than those of the Allies. All of these facts tended to show that on paper the Turk had a decided advantage, but certain other very material facts were left out of the computation.

In equipment the Turkish army suffered by comparison with that of the Allies. This is due in part to the fact that Turkey has for years been in a crippled financial condition and in part to the system of official graft which diverted some of the money intended for military equipment into the pockets of the official class. As a result, the cartridge belts of several of the Turkish

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soldiers showed that they had been fighting with blank cartridges, a class of weapon which may be effective in diplomacy but is useless in battle. The Turkish commissariat was most miserably organized and far less efficient than that of the Allies. The Turkish intelligence department was also wanting in those forms of equipment considered essential in modern warfare, such as telephone connection between the different units of the army and headquarters. Their mobilization was so slow that the Allies gained a decided advantage during the early weeks of the war, so that Turkey has been on the defensive throughout the war. Instead of cutting the Allies up in detail and defeating them separately by having a larger force at the point of contact than that of the enemy, she has allowed her own divisions to be separated from each other so that at present but a fraction of her army is at the point where the crucial contest is being waged. For instance, the garrison of Scutari is powerless to aid in the defence of Constantinople, as are those of Kumanova and Uskub, most of these latter having surrendered and the balance scattered so that they are no longer in effective force. The garrisons of Monastir and Salonika have surrendered, thus subtracting over a hundred thousand more from the Turkish fighting force. Another eighty thousand are shut up in Adrianople with practically no chance of being able to join the main army in front of Constantinople. Before this article reaches the reader Adrianople with its garrison of 80,000 will very probably have surrendered, as it is completely invested and can be soon starved out, if not burned out by the pyroxylin shells from the besieging guns. True, while they continue to hold out the garrisons of Scutari and Adrianople necessitate a force being kept to guard them, but it is only a question of a short time when they will be compelled to surrender, thus relieving the besieging force for operations against the main Turkish army, which now numbers but 100,000, a mere remnant of the standing army of 375,000 at the opening of the war and but a small percentage of the 750,000 soldiers the Turkish army on a war footing is supposed to contain.

Thus the Bulgarian army in front of Constantinople can soon be strongly reinforced, while it is doubtful whether or not the

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Turkish army can, as the Greek fleet may be able to prevent it. And even admitting that the line of communication with the Asiatic possessions can be kept open, it is very doubtful whether or not the Asiatic soldiers can use effectively the modern implements of warfare. Their efficiency, to say the least, is doubtful. And unless they can be made effective from the start, the war will very likely not last long enough to furnish them much training.

The prevalence of cholera in the Turkish army has cost the lives of several thousand soldiers and rendered several thousand more ineffective. If this is due to unsanitary conditions, the presence of Asiatic troops is very likely to aggravate the difficulty, and another breakdown in the commissariat would aggravate it still further. It not infrequently happens in wars that disease is more dangerous than bullets. The presence of thousands of ill-fed, poorly sheltered civilians will not tend to lessen the danger from disease and this danger will increase with the progress of the winter.

The poor leadership which has handicapped the Turks can be accounted for in part on political grounds. Shefket Pasha, the ablest military and political leader of the Turks, belongs to the Young Turk party, and this party was driven out of power because of the unpopularity of the Government's conduct of the war with Italy. The unsuccessfulness of the war, however inevitable such lack of success might be, was sufficient to drive from power the Cabinet in which Shefket held a portfolio, and the present Minister of War has not been a large enough man to tender the position of Commander-in-Chief to a deposed leader, however able a military genius he might be. This may be due to a lack of judgment or a lack of patriotism, but whatever the cause the effect is the same.

Contrary to the expectations of the military critics, the Turkish military operations have been severely handicapped by a listlessness upon the part of the Turkish soldier. This may be due to a conviction that his Government is not really worth fighting for. Nor indeed is it astonishing that a Government which is a synonym for inefficiency should fail to inspire its soldiers with the zeal which would make of them the most effective fighting

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machines. When compelled to fight with his back to the wall, the Turk has fought with his old time bravery; but he has not in this war shown any of the aggressiveness which in his palmier days characterized his fighting and would have commended him for service alongside of the old guard of Napoleon. Disheartened and discouraged men are not the material out of which effective armies are made, and the inefficiency of the Turkish Government has been enough to discourage even a Turk.

In marked contrast with the spirit, morale and leadership of the Turkish army have been those of the Allies. The allied armies have been able to move rapidly and fight with a dash because the men wanted to move and fight. They are inspired not merely with a thirst for revenge because of a recollection of wrongs received from their former oppressors, but are fired by a determination, born of a sense of duty, to provide for their kinsmen in Macedonia what these have been helpless to provide for themselves, viz: an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their own labor and to live under a Government which offered reasonable protection to life and property, and to worship God without having it accounted to them as a crime for which they would be placed outside the pale of the law.

The remarkable successes of the Allies have again demonstrated the fact that a large standing army is not indispensable to rapidity of action, harmonious organization, or effective fighting. Though the standing army of Bulgaria is about fifty thousand, she has within an amazingly short length of time been able to put into the field an effective army of three hundred thousand men, who have from the start moved with the precision of veterans. They have always been able to outnumber the Turkish army at the point of contact. The amateur soldier, whether volunteer or recruit, who comes from the ranks of the artisans and yeomanry, provided he feels that he has a cause worth fighting for and is well-armed and reasonably well-fed, makes a very dependable military asset. He is not infrequently superior in effectiveness to the professional soldier. When this fact is realized by the great Powers of continental Europe, it will reduce greatly the non-productive class, and lighten the burden under which the toiling classes are now bending and restive.

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One of the surprising features of the war has been the size of the armies which the Allies have been able to put into the field, for, though their combined population is not much greater than that of Mexico or the single State of New York, the forces engaged in the main battles of the war have outnumbered those engaged in the battles of Waterloo or Gettysburg. This is still more surprising when we recall that the chief battles of the present war were fought within four weeks of the beginning of the war.

The campaign of the Allies has been characterized by exceptional coördination, a quality not usually characteristic of the actions of allies. It has also been remarkably free from military blunders. The only marked exception to this is the dissipation of forces by the sending of a Servian army to Durazzo instead of in the direction of the real theatre of war. Not only was it an example of poor military tactics, but it was a diplomatic blunder as well, in that by arousing the ire of Austria it encouraged the Turk to further resistance. Whatever causes dissension among the Powers has always been a source of comfort to the Porte, for it has been the foundation upon which that Government has rested for over a century.

So far as can be seen, the power of resistance of the Turks, if left to their own resources, is about at an end. Their willingness to sue for peace was pretty good evidence of this and their rejection of the terms offered by the Allies does not necessarily prove anything to the contrary. The habit of haggling and temporizing has become so much a part of Turkish diplomacy that it is almost the warp and woof of the fabric. Whether or not they receive any better terms than those already offered by the Allies, they will at least have satisfied their time-honored habit of haggling and no doubt entertain the hope that by sparring for time something may happen which will impel the Powers to intervene in their behalf, and that even at the worst the terms cannot be made much more severe.

The counter proposal by the Porte provides for the cession of a mere ribbon of territory along the Balkans which would be no very substantial gain to the Allies and would leave the settlement of the Turkish question about as far off as ever. Of

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course the Porte does not expect that this counter proposal will be accepted by the Allies, but it is put forth as a basis for haggling. The insistence upon the retention of Adrianople, because it is still technically in the Sultan's possession, is not to be taken too seriously and there is in fact no danger of its being acceded to by the Allies, unless there is compulsion by outside force.

The likelihood of intervention by the Powers in behalf of Turkey is extremely small, provided the Allies use reasonably good judgment. If Servia will agree to an outlet on the Ægean instead of on the Adriatic, and if all will agree to assume a part of the Turkish debt proportional to the territory taken from the Porte, it is not clear that the Powers will have any legitimate cause for intervening. Though it is not evident that the possession by a small Power like Servia of an outlet on the Adriatic endangers in any degree the safety of Austria so as to furnish ground for a diplomatic protest, much less for a resort to force, it might be wise for Servia to yield the point, although she is asking for nothing which was not possessed by old Servia.

The Turkish debt, which now amounts to over a billion dollars, has hitherto proved an important factor in the solution of the Turkish question and is likely to continue so. The bonds are held by some of the most influential financiers in Europe, who more than once have been able to bring to bear upon their Governments pressure sufficiently strong to impel them to become active for their protection. The Porte has thus realized the truth of the adage that "a public debt is a public blessing." But if the Allies are diplomatic, they will provide for an equitable apportionment of the share of the Turkish debt which would fairly be represented by the territory taken from Turkey among the states receiving such territory. This would leave the bondholders in as good a position as before and would forestall intervention nominally upon other grounds but actually for the protection of the bondholders. Whether or not the bondholders in this case have come into possession of their securities in such a way as to render them worthy of protection and have not by subsequent acts forfeited their right to protection is a question upon which there may be room for difference of opinion. I am

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not deciding that question. I am simply intimating that under the circumstances it might be a wise policy for the Allies to make provision to protect them.

The settlement of the questions growing out of the present war, involving as it will a reconstruction of the map of Europe, will no doubt have to come before a conference of the Powers before it is considered final. This because circumstances and tradition have made the Turkish question a European question and not simply one which can be decided by Turkey and another Power. As this conference is sure to be called, it is to be hoped that none of the Powers will anticipate it by intervening with force to gain an advantage for itself which it could not reasonably hope to gain by a calm presentation of its rights through the regularly established channels for the peaceful settlement of international controversies. The chances of securing justice in this way would seem to be ample to warrant awaiting the conference and settling the question as a whole instead of piecemeal. If, then, after due deliberation the legitimate rights of a state are ruthlessly trampled under foot, it still has an opportunity to appeal to force.

So far as can be seen now, there is no insurmountable obstacle in the way of a peaceful settlement of the points in dispute, and if the Powers of Europe have the intelligence and wisdom with which I credit them they will realize that their real interests demand a preservation of the peace of Europe, that a general European war is an appallingly serious matter and cannot be contemplated or entered upon lightly. The influence of two distinct classes of society will operate strongly for peace, though for different reasons. The capitalistic class favor peace because war is a disorganizer of commerce and finance. This class will speak through the bankers who would be called upon to finance the war. The laboring class will very naturally and earnestly oppose war, because the burdens of it will fall upon them with little prospect of their securing any substantial advantage as a result of it. This class will speak through their socialist representatives in the parliaments, as they have already done through their international socialist congress.

If forcible intervention is resorted to, it will be by Austria,

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and if Austria intervenes with force instead of relying upon a more logical method of asserting and securing her rights, it will be probably because she has an agreement with Turkey as well as with Germany and Italy that she is to have Albania as a reward for her assistance in bringing about peace between Turkey and Italy. This would give Austria such a commanding position on the Adriatic as to increase greatly her prestige as a Mediterranean power, and give her an added excuse for maintaining an increased navy. Remembering that she considered Bosnia and Herzegovina a fair price for her services to the Porte at the Conference of Berlin, this is not an unreasonable conclusion to reach. Or, it may be that Austria fears a federation of the Balkan states in which the Slav influence would be the dominant influence, and believes that now is the time to frustrate the plans of such a league. I can hardly conceive it as possible that Austria considers this danger as sufficiently overwhelming and imminent to warrant an appeal to force. As well might the United States have appealed to force to prevent the federation of the Canadian provinces.

Barring intervention, it remains for the Allies to agree with Turkey and with each other upon a distribution of the conquered territory. And it remains to be seen whether or not the unity of purpose and harmony of action which have up to this point characterized their actions will be able to survive such a test. And it is indeed a severe test, for there are few things which so strain friendship as a division of spoils. But it is to be hoped that the good sense and patriotism of the Allies will so far outweigh their selfishness as to permit of an equitable and peaceful distribution of the territory wrested from the Turk.

Assuming that the power of resistance of the Turk is overcome, it seems probable that the following will be in general outline the plan adopted for reconstructing the map of southeastern Europe: Bulgaria will receive Thrace, and perhaps some of Macedonia; Servia will get the greater part of Macedonia, the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and an outlet on the Adriatic or Ægean; Greece will receive Epirus, which formerly belonged to her; and Montenegro will receive the Albanian territory which is within her military occupation. The strip between the Tcha-

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talja lines and Constantinople will be left to the Porte, possibly under some provision for international supervision.

The hope and determination of the Allies to put an end to Turkish rule in Europe need occasion no surprise. During the five centuries of its continuance it has contributed nothing to the ideas which go to make up modern civilization. Not only has the Turk not contributed anything, he has not learned anything. While the rest of the world has moved ahead, he has stood still. Judged by ethical, political or economic standards, his rule stands for ultra-reaction. And in the law of politics as of life there is no such thing as permanent reaction without decay and disintegration. Governments, like individuals, cannot stand still; they must advance or go backward.

What Turkish rule means, when applied to a Slavic people, can best be understood by comparison. During a single generation of independence, Bulgaria has made greater progress in standards of living, industry, commerce, administration of justice, including protection to life, morals, and property, and in that spirit of optimism which begets progress, than had been made during the five centuries of Turkish rule. Macedonia and Thrace are now where Bulgaria was a century ago. They are under a taxing system which has long since been discarded by practically all civilized states and is so operated as to discourage saving. Not only are they heavily taxed, not infrequently over ten per cent. of their income, but the money is not expended in such a way as to give them more than a minimum, if indeed any, return for the sacrifices they have been compelled to make in order to satisfy the demands of the tax gatherer. Not only does a considerable portion of the taxes collected fail to reach the treasury, but of that which does there is but a very small percentage expended in such a way as to make more tolerable the conditions of living. The administration of justice is in most cases not merely a farce, but a travesty upon decency. No public school system is maintained and freedom of thought instead of being encouraged is strangled.

In view of these facts it can surprise no one that the Slavs and Greeks under Turkish rule are restive for a change of conditions and an opportunity to do for themselves what they have

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no confidence, and not even reason to hope, that the Turk will do for them. Neither should it surprise anyone that the Allies who have lived under Turkish rule and can therefore appreciate the position of their kinsmen should sympathize with them, and that their sympathy should not be confined to words or sentiment, but should result in action.

The fundamental question in the case of the Allies against the Turk is not whether the individual Slav or Greek is superior to the individual Turk, for in some cases he is and in some cases he is not. The question is rather one of whether, given the racial, religious, juristic and traditional antagonism existing between them, either can govern the other satisfactorily or successfully. There must be something in common, and sympathy between the ruler and the ruled, before there can be a reasonable expectation of successful government. And as there is no prospect that the Turks can drive the Slav and the Greek out of their old homes, they must themselves be driven back to their home in Asia, whither they will take their ideas of government with them, as they have not adjusted themselves to a European environment, and fortunately have not been able to change the environment so as to adapt it to them. The basic idea of Turkish political theory and practice seems to be that government exists for the private pleasure and profit of the ruler instead of for the public benefit of the ruled.

If the Turk is driven from Europe, he will have whatever satisfaction comes from knowing that he has had his revenge in advance. Europe also will have the satisfaction of knowing that it owes him no debt of gratitude.

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TURKEY–IN–ASIA

LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I REMEMBER once hearing that veteran British war correspondent, E. F. Knight, tell how up to the time of the loss of his left arm as the result of a bullet wound received in the South African war, he had been for years a constant sufferer from cold hands and feet and a weak stomach, while almost from the day of his convalescence after the amputation he had enjoyed the circulation and digestion of the perfectly healthy man that he had been ever since.

"Evidently I didn't have enough vitality to go round," he explained; "but I can assure you it is much better being a wholly healthy half man than a half-healthy whole one."

There are few "laws of men" that do not find parallels in the "laws of nations," and for the country that has not "the vitality to go round" it is much better to be a wholly healthy half empire than a half-healthy whole one. Mere extent of territory—even good territory—is of advantage only to the nation possessed of great vitality. The colonies of Great Britain and Holland have been aptly characterized as "the vigorous new roots which have supplied the sap to keep the parent trunks from decaying." But France is prosperous in spite of her colonies rather than as a result of them, while Spain has furnished the world's most striking instance in point through the economic rehabilitation she has been able to effect since her rich but turbulent colonies ceased to draw her life blood at the end of her war with the United States.

As a witty French journalist is quoted in a recent dispatch as having put it, "The last month has been marked by the funeral of *Status quo ante* in the Balkans, death having been due to 'diplomatic failure' and other complications." Turkey may be permitted to retain Constantinople and an encircling "stump," but that the "Sick Man of the East" will rise from the operating table without the amputation of the rest of his European "extremity" is not likely; which naturally leads to the speculation as to what chance he, who has been dragging out an

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unhappy existence as a half-healthy whole man, has of taking up the burden of life again as a wholly healthy half man. Let us see what sort of a half man he is to begin with, what " elements of empire " are possessed by the hitherto all-too-loosely bound vilayets of Turkey-in-Asia.

The Peninsula of Asia Minor—forming roughly a rectangle between the Mediterranean and Black Seas—is a country, both physically and climatically, not unlike what we have known as Turkey-in-Europe beyond the Dardanelles, a moderately well-watered land whose broad, fertile valleys alternate with ranges of rugged mountains. The very considerable population, largely Mohammedan, is fanatically attached to the Sultan as Khalif and dully resentful toward him as the head of a Government which has taxed it so mercilessly, leaving it, when the balance is struck, still incomparably the most loyal body of subjects in any part of the empire. A thoroughly up-to-date railway system connecting the best of the interior with Smyrna, Constantinople-in-Asia and other ports has given tremendous impetus to trade and agriculture in the last decade, while increasing intercourse with Europe has resulted in the introduction of Occidental business methods if not Occidental business ethics. Smyrna, with close to half a million people, one of the fastest growing and best equipped ports on the Mediterranean, is the main *entrepôt,* and it is interesting to note that the most striking feature of its recent customs reports has been the indicated increase of American trade, both export and import, with Asia Minor.

It will be seen that the Peninsula of Asia Minor, with its fairly homogeneous and comparatively loyal peoples, modern railway system and rich agricultural and commercial promise, is well qualified to serve as the " head " of a regenerated Turkish empire: the outlook for the development of a strong, healthy " body " is still more encouraging. Draw a line from Trebizond, on the Black Sea, to Bassorah, near the head of the Persian Gulf, and another from the latter point to Alexandretta, at the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, and the inclosed triangle, along with a small amount of desert, will include by far the largest undeveloped area of really first-grade agricultural land in the world to-day. The region of the Tigris and Euphra-

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tes, while not quite so extensive as our own Mississippi Valley, is, on account of its milder climate and the ease with which the best of it may be placed under a canal system, capable of supporting—in fact, in the days of Babylonia and Chaldea, has supported—a much larger population.

The network of canals for watering the rich plains of Mesopotamia built by the early Babylonian kings and reaching its greatest extent and efficiency under Nebuchadnezzar, was undoubtedly the most comprehensive irrigation system the world has ever known, and even up to a thousand years ago, the time of the Khalifate of Baghdad, an enormous area was intensely cultivated. Wars, pestilences, floods, shifting river channels and the gradual silting up of the canals conspired to undo the labors of ages and for many centuries the brown, sun-baked desert covering this, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, has obscured its agricultural possibilities as completely as the rounded mounds above the ruins of ancient Babylon hid the palaces of Belshazzar and Nebuchadnezzar. It is only during the last decade that the patient labors of German scientists have uncovered Babylon, and the great Mesopotamian reclamation scheme of Sir William Willcocks, the eminent Anglo-Egyptian engineer, was drawn up less than two years ago. This scheme calls for the construction of dams, dykes, flood-escapes and canals, the completion of which, at a cost of from thirty to fifty million dollars, will make it possible to bring under intensive cultivation an area more than twice as large as all of irrigated Egypt. Work on two of the projects has been under way for over a year, the contracts—aggregating close to $5,000,000—having been awarded to a prominent British firm. There were 2000 men at work on the Hindia Barrage, which is to divert the Euphrates to its old channel and bring several hundred thousand acres under canal, when I visited the works four months ago; but as the Turkish Government is financing the project it is not improbable that, on account of the war, construction may drag for a while through shortage of funds.

North of the irrigable portion of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley is a 500-mile wide belt of nearly level land which, though lying too high above the river to be brought under canal, is

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capable, with its six or eight inches of rainfall, of raising surprisingly good crops of the remarkable drought-resisting Mesopotamian wheat. At present it is but lightly scratched here and there by its scattered population of *fellahin* or farming Arabs; yet I saw many miles of grain raised by their crude methods which would have been pointed to with pride in the Dakotas or California. The population of all of arable Mesopotamia—except the Shamar and other great tribes of nomadic Arabs—is generally inclined to be peaceful, and, while far from being devoted to the Turkish Government, is not likely to prove an active source of trouble.

Of great importance to the development and solidarity of an Asiatic Turkish empire will prove the completion of the Baghdad Railway, construction work on which has been under way now for nearly a year. This line, which is being built by a German syndicate, will run from Adana, the present terminus of the Asia Minor system, to Aleppo, Mosul, and Baghdad, ending at Bassorah or Koweit, thus establishing broad-gauge communication between the Bosphorus and the head of the Persian Gulf. Besides its great impetus to commerce and agriculture, it will give the national Government a fair chance for the first time thoroughly to exercise its military and administrative functions, and it should bind the far-flung vilayets of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Turkey of Asia Minor as nothing else could do. It should prove the nerve through which such vitality as old Turkey still retains is sent out to galvanize new Turkey into life; the channel through which the sap from the fresh young roots should flow back to rejuvenate the decaying trunk. As the Baghdad railway is already financed, it is very unlikely that anything but a general European war will prevent its completion in 1916 as planned.

With assured water and rail transportation and with a vast area of the richest land shortly to be ready for the plough, the chief problem in connection with the rehabilitation of the one-time Garden of Eden is that of population, and this may be partially solved as a result of the Balkan war. Considerable immigration to the new lands has been looked for from Syria, Armenia, Palestine, Kurdistan and Persia, and some enthusiasts have cherished what would appear to be the vain hope of making

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an agriculturist of the nomadic Arab. All that may be drawn from these sources will be insufficient, however, but it is more than probable that this dearth may be made up from the Mohammedans of Turkey-in-Europe, many of whom will prefer, even if they are permitted to remain in their old homes, to live under a ruler of their own faith. Many thousands of Islamites from Bulgaria emigrated to Asiatic Turkey when that province gained its independence, and it is certain that a much greater movement in the same direction will take place following the realignment in the Balkans. These sturdy, industrious peasants, especially if they are able to realize anything for their land and property, would come in most opportunely for the furtherance of Mesopotamian reclamation. Generations of oppression have left them with little loyalty to the Sultan as a temporal ruler, but they will still rally to his call as their spiritual head, and there is no doubt that they would furnish a desirable leaven in the mixture of races that must be gathered to people the new lands of the Tigris and Euphrates.

If all the rest of our "Sick Man" were like the very healthy "head" and "trunk"—Asia Minor and Mesopotamia—his convalescence and complete recovery, in the absence of "complications," might be a matter of but a few years. Unfortunately, there are his "extremes" still to consider, and here we find things in a bad way indeed. The great desert peninsula of Arabia might be described as a leprous limb that must shortly fall away of its own weight and weakness, while Christian Syria and Armenia and Jewish Palestine are old wounds that have been so often reopened that they can never heal.

The Christian communities of Syria will never be contented —nor even safe—until they are formed into a self-governing protected state like Lebanon, while the Jews of Palestine have long cherished an ambition for a similar arrangement for the section including Jaffa, Jerusalem and Nazareth and the intervening territory.

There is an Arab proverb which claims that it takes ten Arabs to be as bad as one Jew, ten Jews to be as bad as one Turk, and ten Turks to be as bad as one Armenian. There is no doubt that the Armenians—especially the rapacious money

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lenders—have brought upon themselves some of their ill treatment at the hands of the Turks and Kurds, which fact, however, makes the outlook for a peaceful solution of their problems as Turkish subjects all the more difficult. Armenia is not so situated as to permit of its being formed into a protected state like Lebanon, nor are the Powers sufficiently sympathetic to care to undertake the responsibility of such a task. The Armenians would far rather be Russian than Turkish subjects, however, and this is what will come to pass sooner or later, and probably for the good of all concerned. Kurdistan, in spite of its turbulence, Turkey should be able to handle.

In Arabia the Turk maintains a slight show of authority in a narrow strip down the Red Sea coast, but even here his hold is so tenuous that the Arabs were able to force him to halt the Hedjaz railway at Medina because its completion to Mecca would have interfered with the livelihood they gain by plundering the pilgrim caravans or levying tribute. Yemen, extending along the lower Red Sea, is the most fruitful province of Arabia, and behind its desert coast has a considerable area of rich, well-watered plateau country. Turkish authority has been on the wane for many years here, however, and a rebellion that was in progress at the time of the opening of the Turkish-Italian war has gained ground so steadily that the province has practically reverted, for the present at least, to its native sheikhs. The vast unexplored interior of Arabia is known to be almost entirely desert, peopled only by nomadic Arab tribes, some of which have lived so far removed from outside influence that they have not even embraced the Mohammedan religion. The Persian Gulf coast is divided up between a half dozen or more sheikhs and petty sultans, the supreme and only real power in each of which capitals is the British military consul, who reports to the Indian Government. This coast of Arabia is as completely under the British domination as is that of Persia across the Gulf; as irrevocably British, one might almost say, as one of the native states of India.

To sum up: There cannot possibly be peace or prosperity in Armenia, Syria and Palestine under Turkish government, and it can never be worth while for the Sultan to endeavor to extend

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his active authority over more than a small portion of the Arabian Peninsula. With Armenia transferred—for a consideration—to Russia; with the non-Mohammedan peoples along the eastern end of the Mediterranean included in a protected state—possibly an extended Lebanon; and with Arabia—Turkey must of course be allowed a strip running down to Mecca—definitely reckoned as a British sphere of influence, the way would seem clear for a new Turkish Empire to begin to work out its own salvation in the broad belt of Mohammedan country commencing at the Dardanelles and bending down through Asia Minor, across Mesopotamia, to the Persian Gulf. To attain to health even here, however, the "Sick Man" would have to be left perfectly free from outside worries, and to one who has watched the flutterings of the straws in the wind gusts of Near Eastern politics this would seem more than there is justification to hope for.

Two things may easily happen to bring about a break-up of the Asiatic Turkish empire I have outlined—a general European war, such as may be precipitated at any time during the continuance of the present Balkan trouble; or, a more remote but scarcely less real danger, a collapse of the Russo-British Entente. In the event of a general war involving all of the nations of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, Turkey could hardly fail to be dismembered, if not entirely partitioned, whatever the result; for every nation of the victorious group, whether from strategic or commercial considerations, would feel called upon to take what it could get. If a general European war is indefinitely deferred, as there seems good reason to hope at this moment, the integrity, if not the life, of Turkish Asia will hinge on whether or not British diplomacy can find means of persuading Russia not to begin its long-imminent advance to the Persian Gulf and a warm-water port, a task that would appear to call for a stronger hand and greater finesse than Sir Edward Grey has yet displayed in endeavoring to guard his country's interests in that part of the world.

If we acknowledge the apparently inexorable law that the strong and centralized nations shall succeed to the territories of the weak and loosely-bound nations, Russia, through her geo-

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graphical position, is the natural heir to the best part of Asiatic Turkey. During the last century, and down to half a decade ago, Great Britain held her back by making it plain that a Russian advance southward would be considered a *casus belli,* for it was the British policy in that period to maintain Turkey as the third and outermost buffer—Persia and Afghanistan being the inner ones—between India and Europe. Since the growth of what she calls the German menace, Britain has manœuvred to hold Russian friendship at almost any price, and as a consequence her Near Eastern policy with regard to the latter has become one of conciliation. It is this policy that was responsible for Britain's failure to support Shuster in Persia, as well as for the indifference of the British Government to the fate of Turkey in the latter's war with Italy. Ten, or even five, years ago England would have resisted Russian aggression in Northern Persia just as surely as she would have backed up a protest against the Italian invasion of Tripoli with her fleet. It is a matter of common knowledge that England has been conceding to Russia far more than she has received in return, and it is the general opinion in Europe—and many in London are also of the same mind—that Russia is using the Entente only to gain a freer hand in Persia, and that when she has "jockeyed" herself into the desired position England will be left to shift for herself, if not actually forced to defend India.

Certainly it would seem impossible for any nation or group of nations, save by pressure in Europe, to prevent Russia from absorbing all of the best of Turkey-in-Asia whenever she is ready to make the move. Diarbekir, on the upper Tigris, is but a week's march from the Black Sea, and a Russian army once at that point could be rafted to the Persian Gulf in a fortnight, occupying Mosul, Baghdad and Bassorah on the way.

Great Britain's interest in Asiatic Turkey is confined almost exclusively to the bearing that the seizing of its territory by another Power would have on the safety of India. The Persian Gulf is practically a British lake to-day; yet I am convinced that that already over-burdened Empire would seek to extend a spur of the "All Red Map" in that direction only to keep another

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Power from encroaching too closely upon the all-too-vulnerable north-western frontier of India.

Britain's "abandonment" of Turkey offered Germany a chance she had long awaited, and there is no question that the latter nation has had the "whip-hand" at Constantinople for several years, the most tangible evidence of that ascendency being the Baghdad Railway concession. Yet just what Germany's ambitions in Turkish Asia are it is hard to determine. British military men throughout the East are a unit in declaring that the Kaiser arranged the Turkish *rapprochement* in order to be able to throw the Turkish army upon the Suez Canal and Egypt in the event of a war with England. There is no evidence to support this contention, but doubtless the contingency has not been overlooked. Again, in a number of European reviews—both French and English—I came last winter across one form or another of the expression "Germany's road to an Asiatic empire by way of the Balkans." This expression was called to my mind several times last summer when, at widely separated points in Mesopotamia and Syria, I successively encountered three very well known German diplomats, men who, while they are nominally accredited to this or that country, have spent most of their lives on special missions—usually straightening out their country's territorial tangles—in various parts of the world. Baron Oppenheim, for example, whom I met at Assur, on the Tigris, served his Government in connection with the Samoan imbroglio, and later spent several years in America studying railway development. He was said to be devoting his time to excavating ancient Assyrian and Hittite capitals, and I neither saw nor heard anything to make me doubt the truth of that assertion. And yet—it is not easy to understand how the demands of archæology should claim men of such prominence at a time when Germany has so much need of their special talents in smoothing the way to her long desired "place in the sun." It is by no means impossible that the occurrence of the sites of ancient Assyrian and Hittite capitals along the road to one of the most desirable "places in the sun" is a felicitous coincidence.

I have never met a German of any class or calling who would admit that his country's ambitions in Turkish Asia were

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other than commercial, and it would be hard to prove anything to the contrary. My own opinion, most diffidently advanced, is that Germany is doing here just what she is in Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catherina, the rich and beautiful provinces of Southern Brazil—establishing herself as quietly and peacefully as possible by developing the country in order that full advantage may be taken of a favorable turn of the political cards to enter into more tangible possession. Only through the defeat of the Triple Entente by the Triple Alliance would such a consummation be rendered possible, however; in any other contingency the word is with Russia, and, as Kipling put it in referring to the menace of the "Bear" in another quarter:

> "Of the gray-coat coming, who can say?
> When the night is gathering, all is gray."

In any case, it would seem that there is little prospect that the Near East will cease to be a powder magazine, and a powder magazine is certainly the last place in the world in which to improvise a convalescent ward. Precedent and certain favoring symptoms to the contrary, then, there would appear to be scant hope that our once half-healthy whole man can take advantage of his altered state to become a wholly healthy half man. The anti-vivisectionists have not yet made their appearance in Asia, and in China *ling-chi,* or dismemberment, is still a favorite form of execution. Certainly our "Sick Man" will not be able to survive without the amputation of certain of his diseased Asiatic extremities, as I have indicated; and if the Powers do not give him up to *ling-chi* in the end it will be because a general European war has been averted for good and the world is standing on the brink of universal peace.

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WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

WHAT of the night
And the eventual silences?
Art thou not cold with the knowledge of decay
And the uncompromising reaches of the earth?
What of the night
When the tune falters and the blood chills?
When thou art one with the grass
And the underbrush of the world,
Wilt thou forget the names of flowers,
The rhythm of song and the lips still balmy with the breasts of women?
When thou and the fog on the hilltop are as brother and sister,
Wilt thou forget utterly the ways of men,
The clash of swords and the sting of wine,
The dim horizons and the grace of girls?
When thou art alone eternally
What of the night?

Where will God be
When thou art swathed in silence;
When the wreckage of dreams has crushed thee
And the lust for springtimes dissolved thee?
Wilt thou have visions only of the dawn
And autumn sunsets?
Will the memory of women's faces haunt thy grave?
Will the odor of blue flowers find thy dust?
When thou art choking on the calm indifference of youth
And the everlasting beauty of trees,
Wilt thou dream only of the June,
The love of women and the great democracy of men?

When thou hast fought and failed,
And thy brow has withered laurelless,
And thy name has been effaced by the insatiable winds,

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And thou hast gone out at the Western gate
To join the laggards of the dead,
Wilt thou crave only the withheld success,
The transitory fame of twilight years?
Will thy soul cry out only for the song,
The red dawn and the glad triumph of love?

Wilt thou indeed forget the days of pain,
The ineffectual prayers,
The lies of time and the bitterness of defeat?
Or, remembering these things,
Wilt thou forget the hands of women and the rude love of men,
And be glad of thy dark quietude?

When thou art part of the impending gloom,
I deem that life will seem to thee
In no such wise,—
But rather thou wilt dream it as a whole;
Not as a song, nor yet a broken bell;
But all that thou hast been—the great tears,
The rain, the kisses and the flutes,
The old sorrows and the hills at dawn,
Much laughter and much grief and the stern fight.
And thou shalt know how all of life is gain—
The gold of youth, the gray defeat of age—
How in the soul's inharmony there lies
The incoherent unity of things.

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THE BOGIE MEN

A Comedy in One Act

LADY GREGORY

Characters: Taig O'Harragha and Darby Melody, both chimney sweeps.

Scene: A shed near where a coach stops.

Darby comes in, with a tin can of water in one hand, and a sweep's bag and brush in the other. He lays down the bag on an empty box and puts the can on the floor. He takes a suit of clothes out of the bag and is admiring them and about to put them on when he hears some one coming and hurriedly pushes the clothes back into the bag.

TAIG. [*At door*] God save all here!

DARBY. God save you. A sweep is it? [*Suspiciously*] What brought you following me?

TAIG. Why wouldn't I be a sweep as good as yourself?

DARBY. It is not one of my own trade I come looking to meet with. It is a shelter I was searching out, where I could put on a decent appearance, rinsing my head and my features in a tin can of water.

TAIG. Is it long till the coach will be passing by the cross-road beyond?

DARBY. Within about a half an hour they were telling me.

TAIG. There does be much people travelling to this place?

DARBY. I suppose there might, and it being the highroad from the town of Ennis.

TAIG. It should be in this town you follow your trade?

DARBY. It is not in the towns I do be.

TAIG. There's nothing but the towns, since the farmers in the country clear out their own chimneys with a bush under and a bush overhead.

DARBY. I travel only gentlemen's houses.

TAIG. There does be more of company in the streets than you'd find on the bare road.

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DARBY. It isn't easy to get company for a person has but two empty hands.

TAIG. Wealth to be in the family, it is all one nearly with having a grip of it in your own palm.

DARBY. I wish to the Lord it was the one thing.

TAIG. You to know what I know——

DARBY. What is it that you know?

TAIG. It is dealing out cards through the night-time I will be from this out, and making bets on racehorses and fighting-cocks through the hours of the day.

DARBY. I would sooner to be sleeping in feathers, and to do no hand's turn at all, day or night.

TAIG. If I came paddling along through every place this day and the road hard under my feet, it is likely I will have my choice way leaving it.

DARBY. How is that now?

TAIG. A horse maybe and a car or two horses, or maybe to go in the coach, and I myself sitting alongside the man came in it.

DARBY. Is it that he is taking you into his service?

TAIG. Not at all! And I being of his own family and his blood.

DARBY. Of his blood now?

TAIG. A relation I have, that is full up of money and of every whole thing.

DARBY. A relation?

TAIG. A first cousin, by the side of the mother.

DARBY. Well, I am not without having a cousin of my own.

TAIG. I wouldn't think he'd be much. To be listening to my mother giving out a report of my one's ways, you would maybe believe it is no empty skin of a man he is.

DARBY. My own mother was not without giving out a report of my man's ways.

TAIG. Did she see him?

DARBY. She did, I suppose, or the things was near him. She never was tired talking of them.

TAIG. It is often my own mother would have Dermot pictured to myself.

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DARBY. It is often the likeness of Timothy was laid down to me by the teaching of my mother's mouth, since I was able to walk the floor. She thought the whole world of him.

TAIG. A bright scholar she laid Dermot down to be. A good doing fellow for himself. A man would be well able to go up to his promise.

DARBY. That is the same account used to be given out of Timothy.

TAIG. To some trade of merchandise it is likely Dermot was reared. A good living man that was never any cost on his mother.

DARBY. To own an estate before he would go far in age Timothy was on the road.

TAIG. To have the handling of silks and jewelleries and to be free of them, and of suits and the making of suits, that is the way with the big merchants of the world.

DARBY. It is letting out his land to grass farmers a man owning acres does be making his profit.

TAIG. A queer thing you to be the way you are and he to be an upstanding gentleman.

DARBY. It is the way I went down; my mother used to be faulting me and I not being the equal of him. Tormenting and picking at me and shouting me on the road. "You thraneen," she'd say, "you little trifle of a son! You stumbling over the threshold as if in slumber, and Timothy being as swift as a bee!"

TAIG. So my own mother used to be going on at myself, and be letting out shrieks and screeches. "What now would your cousin Dermot be saying?" every time there would come a new rent in my rags.

DARBY. "Little he'd think of you," she'd say: "You without body and puny, not fit to lift scraws from off the field, and Timothy bringing in profit to his mother's hand and earning prizes and rewards."

TAIG. The time it would fail me to follow my book or to say off my A. B. ab, to draw Dermot down on me she would. "Before he was up to your age," she would lay down, "he was fitted to say off catechisms and to read newses. You have no

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more intellect beside him," she'd say, "than a chicken has its head yet in the shell."

DARBY. "Let you hold up the same as Timothy," she'd give out, and I to stoop my shoulders the time the sun would prey upon my head. "He that is as straight and as clean as a green rush on the brink of the bog."

TAIG. "It is you will be fit but to blow the bellows," my mother would say, "the time Dermot will be forging gold." I let on the book to have gone astray on me at the last. Why would I go crush and bruise myself under a weight of learning, and there being one in the family well able to take my cost and my support whatever way it might go? Dermot that would feel my keep no more than the lake would feel the weight of the duck.

DARBY. I seen no use to be going sweating after farmers, striving to plough or to scatter seed, when I never could come anear Timothy in any sort of a way, and he, by what she was saying, able to thrash out a rick of oats in the day. So it fell out I was thrown on the ways of the world, having no skill in any trade, till there came a demand for me going aloft in chimneys, I being as thin as a needle and shrunken with weakness and want of food.

TAIG. I got my living for a while by miracle and trafficking in rabbit skins, till a sweep from Limerick bound me to himself one time I was skinned with the winter. Great cruelty he gave me till I ran from him with the brush and the bag, and went foraging around for myself.

DARBY. So am I going around by myself. I never had a comrade lad.

TAIG. My mother that would hit me a crack if I made free with any of the chaps of the village, saying that would not serve me with Dermot, that had a good top coat and was brought up to manners and behavior.

DARBY. My own mother that drew down Timothy on me the time she'd catch me going with the lads that had their pleasure out of the world, slashing tops and pebbles, throwing and going on with games.

TAIG. I took my own way after, fitting myself for sports

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and funning, against the time the rich man would stretch out his hand. Going with wild lads and poachers I was till they left me carrying their snares in under my coat, that I was lodged for three months in the jail.

DARBY. The neighbors had it against me after I not being friendly when we were small. The most time I am going the road it is a lonesome shadow I cast before me.

TAIG. [*Looking out of the door*] It is on this day I will be making acquaintance with himself. My mother that sent him a request to come meet me in this town on this day, it being the first of the summer.

DARBY. My own mother that did no less, telling me she got word from Timothy he would come meet here with myself. It is certain he will bring me into his house, she having wedded secondly with a laboring man has got a job at Golden Hill in Lancashire. I would not recognize him beyond any other one.

TAIG. I would recognize the signs of a big man. I wish I was within in his kitchen. There is a pinch of hunger within my heart.

DARBY. So there is within myself.

TAIG. Is there nothing at all in the bag?

DARBY. It is a bit of a salted herring.

TAIG. Why wouldn't you use it?

DARBY. I would be delicate coming before him and the smell of it to be on me, and all the grand meats will be at his table.

TAIG. [*Showing a bottle*] The full of a pint I have of porter, that fell from a tinker's car.

DARBY. I wonder you would not swallow it down for to keep courage in your mind.

TAIG. It is what I am thinking, I to take it fasting, it might put confusion and wildness in my head. I would wish, and I meeting with him, my wits to be of the one clearness with his own. It is not long to be waiting, it is in claret I will be quenching my thirst to-night, or in punch!

DARBY. [*Looking out*] I am nearly in dread meeting Timothy, fearing I will not be pleasing to him, and I not acquainted with his habits.

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TAIG. I would not be afeard, and Dermot to come sparkling in, and seven horses in his coach.

DARBY. What way can I come before him at all? I would be better pleased you to personate me and to stand up to him in my place.

TAIG. Any person to put orders on me or to bid me change my habits I'd give no heed! I'd stand up to him in the spite of his teeth!

DARBY. If it wasn't for the hearth-fires to be slackened with the springtime, and my work to be lessened with the strengthening of the sun, I'd sooner not see him till another moon is passed, or two moons.

TAIG. He to bid me read out the news of the world, taking me to be a scholar, I'd give him words that are in no books! I'd give him newses! I'd knock rights out of him or anyone I ever seen.

DARBY. I could speak only of my trade. The boundaries of the world to be between us, I'm thinking I'd never ask to go cross them at all.

TAIG. He to go into court swearing witnesses and to bring me along with him to face the judges and the whole troop of the police, I'd go bail I'll be no way daunted or scared.

DARBY. What way can I keep company with him? I that was partly reared in the workhouse. And he having a star on his hat and a golden apple in his hand. He will maybe be bidding me to scour myself with soapy water all the Sundays and holidays of the year! I tell you I am getting low hearted. I pray to the Lord to forgive me where I did not go under the schoolmaster's rod!

TAIG. I that will shape crampy words the same as any scholar at all! I'll let on to be a master of learning and of Latin!

DARBY. Ah, what letting on? It is Timothy will look through me the same as if my eyes were windows and my thoughts standing as plain as cattle under the risen sun! It is easier letting on to have knowledge than to put on manners and behavior.

TAIG. Ah, what's manners but to refuse no man a share of

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your bite and to keep back your hand from throwing stones?

DARBY. I tell you I'm in shivers! My heart that is shaking like an ivy leaf! My bones that are loosened and slackened in the similitude of a rope of tow! I'd sooner meet with a lion of the wilderness or the wickedest wind of the hills! I thought it never would come to pass. I'd sooner go into the pettiest house, the wildest home and the worst! Look at here now—Let me stop along with yourself. I never let out so much of my heart to anyone at all till this day. It's a pity we should be parted!

TAIG. Is it to come following after me you would before the face of Dermot?

DARBY. I'd feel no dread and you being at my side.

TAIG. Dermot to see me in company with the like of you! I wouldn't for the whole world he should be aware I had ever any traffic with chimneys or with soot. It would not be for his honor you to draw anear him!

DARBY. [*Indignantly*] No but Timothy that would make objection to yourself! He that would whip the world for manners and behavior!

TAIG. Dermot that is better again. He that would write and dictate to you at the one time!

DARBY. What is that beside owning tillage, and to need no education but to take rents into your hand?

TAIG. I would never believe him to own an estate.

DARBY. Why wouldn't he own it? "The biggest thing and the grandest," my mother would say when I would ask her what was he doing.

TAIG. Ah what could be before selling out silks and satins? There is many an estated lord couldn't reach you out a fourpenny bit.

DARBY. The grandest house around the seas of Ireland he should have, beautifully made up! You would nearly go astray in it! It wouldn't be known what you could make of it at all! You wouldn't have it walked in a month!

TAIG. What is that beside having a range of shops as wide maybe as the street beyond?

DARBY. A house would be the capital of the county! One door for the rich, one door for the common! Velvet carpets

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rolled up, the way there would no dust from the chimney fall upon them. A hundred wouldn't be many standing in a corner of that place! A high bed of feathers, curled hair mattresses. A cover laid on it would be flowery with blossoms of gold!

TAIG. Muslin and gauze, cambric and linen! Canton cross-bar! Glass windows full up of ribbons as gaudy as the crooked bow in the sky. Sovereigns and shillings in and out as plenty as to riddle rape seed. Sure them that do be selling in shops die leaving millions.

DARBY. Your man is not so good as mine in his office—or in his billet.

TAIG. There is the horn of the coach. Get out now till I'll prepare myself. He might chance to come seeking for me here.

DARBY. There's a lather of sweat on myself. That's my tin can of water.

TAIG. [*Holding can from him*] Get out, I tell you! I wouldn't wish him to feel the smell of you on the breeze.

DARBY. [*Almost crying*] You are a mean savage to go keeping from me my tin can and my rag!

TAIG. Go wash yourself at the pump, can't you?

DARBY. That we may never be within the same four walls again, or come under the lintel of the one door! [*He goes out*]

TAIG. [*Calling after him while he takes a suit of clothes from his bag*] I'm not like yourself! I have good clothes to put on me, what you haven't got! A body coat my mother made out—she lost up to three shillings on it,—and a hat—and a speckled blue cravat.

[*He hastily throws off his sweep's smock and cap, and puts on clothes. As he does he sings:*

All round my hat I wore a green ribbon,
All round my hat for a year and a day;
And if anyone asks me the reason I wore it,
I'll say that my true love went over the sea!

All in my hat I will stick a blue feather,
The same as the birds do be up in the tree;
And if you would ask me the reason I do it,
I'll tell you my true love is come back to me!

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[*He washes his face and wipes it, looking at himself in the tin can. He catches sight of a straw hat passing the window*] Who is that? A gentleman? [*He draws back*]

[*Darby comes in. He has changed his clothes and wears a straw hat and light coat and trousers. He is looking for a necktie which he had dropped and picks up. His back is turned to Taig, who is standing at the other door*]

TAIG. [*Awed*] It cannot be that you are Dermot Melody?

DARBY. My father's name was Melody, sure enough, till he lost his life in the year of the black potatoes.

TAIG. It is yourself I am come here purposely to meet with.

DARBY. You should be my mother's sister's son so, Timothy O'Harragha.

TAIG. [*Sheepishly*] I am that. I am sorry indeed it failed me to be out before you in the street.

DARBY. Oh, I wouldn't be looking for that much from you.

[*They are trying to keep their backs to each other, and to rub their faces cleaner*]

TAIG. I wouldn't wish to be anyway troublesome to you. I am badly worthy of you.

DARBY. It is in dread I am of being troublesome to yourself.

TAIG. Oh, it would be hard for *you* to be that. Nothing you could put on me would be any hardship at all, if it was to walk steel thistles.

DARBY. You have a willing heart surely.

TAIG. Any little job at all I could do for you——

DARBY. All I would ask of you is to give me my nourishment and my bite.

TAIG. I will do that. I will be your serving man.

DARBY. Ah, you are going too far in that.

TAIG. It's my born duty to do that much. I'll bring your dinner before you, if I can be anyway pleasing to you; you that is used to wealthy people.

DARBY. Indeed I was often in a house having up to twenty chimneys.

TAIG. You are a rare good man, nothing short of it, and you going as you did so high in the world.

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DARBY. Any person would go high before he would put his hand out through the top of a chimney.

TAIG. Having full and plenty of every good thing.

DARBY. I saw nothing so plentiful as soot. There is not the equal of it nourishing a garden. It would turn every crop blue, being so good.

TAIG. [*Weeping*] It is a very unkind thing to go drawing chimneys down on me and soot, and you having all that ever was!

DARBY. Little enough I have or ever had.

TAIG. To be casting up my trade against me, I being poor and hungry and you having coins and tokens from all the gold-pits of the world.

DARBY. I wish I ever handled a coin of gold in my lifetime.

TAIG. To speak despisingly, not pitiful. And I thinking the chimney sweeping would be forgot and not reproached to me, if you have handled the fooleries and watches of the world, that you don't know the end of your riches!

DARBY. I am maybe getting your meaning wrong, your tongue being a little hard and sharp because you are Englified, but I am without new learnments and so I speak flat.

TAIG. You to have the millions of King Solomon you have no right to be putting reflections on me! I would never behave that way, and housefuls to fall into my hand.

DARBY. You are striving to put ridicule on me and to make a fool of me. That is a very unseemly thing to do! I that did not ask to go hide the bag or the brush.

TAIG. There you are going on again. Is it to the customers in your shops you will be giving out that it was my lot to go through the world as a sweep?

DARBY. Customers and shops! Will you stop your funning? Let you quit mocking and making a sport of me! That is very bad acting behavior.

TAIG. Striving to blacken my face again at that time I had it washed pure white. You surely have a heart of marble.

DARBY. What way at all can you be putting such a rascally say out of your mouth? I'll take no more talk from you, I to be twenty-two degrees lower than the Hottentots!

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TAIG. If you are my full cousin Dermot Melody I'll make you quit talking soot!

DARBY. I'll take no more talk from yourself!

TAIG. Have a care now!

DARBY. Have a care yourself!

[*Each gives the other a push. They stumble and fall, sitting facing one another. Darby's hat falls off*]

TAIG. Is it *you* it is?

DARBY. Who else would it be?

TAIG. What call had you letting on to be Dermot Melody?

DARBY. What letting on? Dermot is my full name, but Darby is the name I am called.

TAIG. Are you a man owning riches and merchandise?

DARBY. I am not, or anything of the sort.

TAIG. Have you teems of money in the bank?

DARBY. If I had would I be sitting on this floor?

TAIG. You thief you!

DARBY. Thief yourself! Turn around now till I will measure your features and your face.—*Yourself* is it! Is it personating my cousin Timothy you are?

TAIG. I am personating no one but myself.

DARBY. You letting on to be an estated magistrate and my own cousin and such a great generation of a man! And you not owning so much as a rood of ridges!

TAIG. Covering yourself with choice clothing for to deceive me and to lead me astray!

DARBY. Putting on your head a fine glossy hat, and I thinking you to have come with the springtide, the way you had luck through your life!

TAIG. Letting on to be Dermot Melody! You that are but the cull and the weakling of a race! It is a queer game you played on me and a crooked game. I never would have brought my legs so far to meet with the sooty likes of you!

DARBY. Letting on to be my poor Timothy O'Harragha!

TAIG. I never was called but Taig. Timothy was a sort of a holiday name.

DARBY. Where now are our two cousins? Or is it that the both of us are cracked?

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TAIG. It is, or our mothers before us.

DARBY. My mother was a McGarrity woman from Loughrea. It is Mary was her christened name.

TAIG. So was my own mother of the McGarritys. It is sisters they were sure enough.

DARBY. That makes us out to be full cousins in the heel.

TAIG. You no better than myself! And the prayers I used to be saying for you, and you but a sketch and an excuse of a man!

DARBY. Ah, I am thinking people put more in their prayers than was in their hearts.

TAIG. Our mothers picturing us to one another as if we were the best in the world!

DARBY. Lies I suppose they were drawing down, for to startle us into good behavior.

TAIG. Wouldn't you say now mothers to be a terror?

DARBY. And we nothing at all after but two chimney sweepers and two harmless drifty lads.

TAIG. Where is the great quality dinner yourself was to give me, having seven sorts of dressed meat? Pullets and bacon I was looking for, and to fall on an easy life.

DARBY. Gone like the clouds of the winter's fog. We rose out of it the same as we went in.

TAIG. We have nothing to do but to starve with the hunger, and you being as bare as myself.

DARBY. We are in a bad shift surely. We must perish with the want of support. It is one of the tricks of the world does be played upon the children of Adam.

TAIG. All we have to do is to crawl to the poorhouse gate. Or to go dig a pit in the graveyard, as it is short till we'll be stretched there with the want of food.

DARBY. Food is it? There is nothing at this time against me eating my bit of a herring. [*Seizes it and takes a bite*]

TAIG. Give me a divide of it.

DARBY. Give me a drop of your own porter so, is in the bottle. There need be no dread on you now, of you being no match for your grand man.

TAIG. That is so. [*Drinks*] I'll strive no more to fit my-

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self for high quality relations. I am free from patterns of high up cousins from this out. I'll be a pattern to myself.

DARBY. I am well content being free of you the way you were pictured to be. I declare to my goodness the name of you put terror on me through the whole of my lifetime, and your image to be clogging and checking me on every side.

TAIG. To be thinking of you being in the world was a holy terror to myself. I give you my word you came through my sleep the same as a scarecrow or a dragon.

DARBY. It is great things I will be doing from this out, we two having nothing to cast up against one another. To be quit of Timothy the bogie and to get Taig for a comrade, I'm as proud as the Crown of France!

TAIG. I'm in dread of neither bumble or bagman or bugaboo! I will regulate things for myself from this out!

DARBY. There to be fineness of living in the world why wouldn't I make it out for myself?

TAIG. It is to the harbors of America we will work our way across the wideness of the sea. It is well able we should be to go mounting up aloft in ropes. Come on, Darby, out of this!

DARBY. There is magic and mastery come into me! This day has put wings to my heart!

TAIG. Go easy now. We are maybe not clear of the chimneys yet.

DARBY. What signifies chimneys? We'll go up in them till we'll take a view of the seven stars! It is out beyond the hills of Burren I will cast my eye, till I'll see the three gates of heaven!

TAIG. It's like enough luck will flow to you. The way most people fail is in not keeping up the heart. Faith it's well you have myself to mind you. Gather up now your brush and bag.

[*They go out singing "All in my hat I stuck a blue feather—"*]

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THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD

LEWIS M. TERMAN

FOR so long have childhood and happiness, youth and hopefulness, been linked by tradition as synonymous terms, that only by an effort of thought can we dissociate them. Because we have lived through the emotions of childhood and into the engrossing, passionate interests of manhood or womanhood, the essential flavor of these earlier experiences is lost to us. Our sorrows tend to be forgotten. At the same time, memory purifies the joys of earlier years by robbing them of their dross of pain or suffering. The law that *the disagreeable tends to be suppressed* is perhaps the most potent force in mental cosmogony.

But this law has its unfortunate consequences. The diminished sense of reality for the things of our own childhood often projects itself into our interpretation of child life about us. We seldom treat children as though they were real personalities. On the contrary, we handle them as we would manipulate puppets; we pay little heed to their feelings and preferences. In their presence we make cruel comment about their faults to other persons. We buffet them about with commands as arbitrary to them as an ocean typhoon. To many of us their sorrows are but foolish tears; their deepest griefs, humiliations and disappointments seem but colorless and transitory affairs.

Psychologically nothing could be further from the truth. Children's personalities are no less genuine and are subject to sorrows and regrets not less keen than our own. Their emotions are not vague and misty, but real and compelling. If the parent or teacher were but granted a momentary insight into this reality, in all its fulness, astonishment and sometimes humiliation would result. In truth the sorrows of children are the most real there are. The fact that they are not so lasting does not affect the essential fact. The child lives in the present. When that is dark there is no light anywhere. Our own griefs are mitigated both by the memory of former joys and by the

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hope of others yet to come. But past and future are abstractions which the child-mind but vaguely appreciates. *There is no sadness like the sadness of childhood.*

That the sorrows of childhood are often real to the point of tragedy should be evident enough to anyone gifted with psychological insight; but if further proof is desired it may be had in a consideration of children's suicides.

In America no studies have been reported of either the frequency or the causes of children's suicides, but in European countries the problem has been sensationally exploited in newspapers and numerous brochures for several years. So bitterly were the schools assailed as the causal agent that in 1904 the Educational Department of Prussia appointed a commission composed of men of the highest standing, to make an investigation. The material gathered by this commission has been summarized and reported by Professor Albert Eulenberg, of the University of Berlin. Not long ago there appeared also a notable book on the *Relation of Children's Suicides to Education,* written by the leading criminologist of France,—Louis Proal. This was based upon the governmental statistics for the years 1839 to 1904 and upon a painstaking investigation of documents relating to individual cases.

In France the juvenile suicides began their rapid increase about 1860. The decade ending in 1870 gave more than double the number of the preceding decade. This was increased approximately 70 per cent. in the decade ending in 1880, since which date the number has shown a further increase of 50 per cent., making a total five times as large as that of 1860. At present the children of France (16 years of age and under) are committing suicide at the rate of 150 per year. In Germany the situation is no better; in Russia it is far worse.

In Russia suicide has become so common among school children that the State Department of Education was a few years ago forced to take cognizance of the evil by requiring careful investigation by the local educational authorities of every "school suicide" and a detailed report of the case to the National Department of Instruction. These reports are coming

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in at a constantly increasing rate. Recently three thousand cases were carefully tabulated and reported to the educational authorities.

The reader will understand that the official figures are certainly far below the actual facts, because of the well-known tendency of relatives to assign the cause of death to accident. The real number is probably two or three times as large as the statistics would indicate. The sex differences are considerable, amounting in France to a ratio of three boys to one girl, and in Germany and Russia to about four to one.

All the available evidence supports the assumption that the problem exists with but slight variations in every country of the civilized world, the United States being no exception. Indeed, if the relations which hold for crime and for suicides of adults can be accepted as offering any clue to the suicides of children, then these must be far more numerous with us than in any of the countries of Europe. We may safely assume that the figures just presented for European countries are equalled if not exceeded in the United States.

Basing our estimate upon the figures for France, Germany and Russia, it is probable that the total annual number of suicides under 16 years of age in the United States amounts to about 500, and that the total annual number under 21 exceeds 2000. In other words, the annual loss of life from the Fourth of July celebrations, when this loss was at its highest, has never equalled that for child suicides *under 16 years*.

Both Proal and Eulenberg find an astonishing proportion in the earlier years. Occasionally suicide occurs as early as 6 or 7 years. In fact, suicides, like all forms of crime, are becoming more and more precocious. In these days children leave their marbles and tops to commit suicide, tired of life almost before they have tasted it.

The causes have been searchingly analyzed by both Eulenberg and Proal. From the very lengthy table of Eulenberg showing the causes of 1117 child suicides in Prussia, the following items, embracing the larger number, may be reproduced here.

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Cause	Number of cases
Fear of punishment	336
Unwillingness to attend school	8
Fear of examination, failure on examination or failure of promotion	52
Expulsion from school	6
Mental work	2
Other school causes	20
Corporal punishment at home or at school	9
Unjust treatment by parents or teachers	26
Anger, obstinacy, etc.	13
Love affairs	21
Mental disease (insanity)	70
Melancholia	30
Morbid sense of honor	37
Excessive ambition	25
Causes unknown	321
Miscellaneous	141
Total	1117

When we combine the causes which relate to the school, it is seen that the number exceeds one-third of the total. Love affairs and insanity account together for not more than 10 per cent., showing how erroneous is the customary tendency of popular opinion to ascribe child suicide to one or the other of these reasons. The investigations of juvenile suicides constitute a general indictment of school, parents and society for their injustice and failure to understand the childish heart and to see that it is moved by the same passions that stir adults to acts of violence—jealousy, anger, pride, ambition, sensuality even, and the desire for revenge.

That jealousy has been found one of the frequent causes should not surprise us when we consider the force and universality of this primitive instinct. The occasions for jealousy range from partiality of parental affection to the unequal distribution of cookies, dolls and chocolates. More often, however, mother love is involved. The mother is likely to show a

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preference for the child who is less pretty, less bright, or crippled. Sometimes she prefers the one who resembles her, particularly if she is not devoted to the child's father. Some mothers come to prefer daughters to sons because of the community of interests growing out of their more constant association. The less favored child lives an embittered life.

Anger is another precocious passion, especially with the nervous, hysterical child. Suicides of children are characterized by less deliberation than those of adults and are therefore more likely to result from a momentary passion such as anger or the shock of sudden humiliation. When the morbidly irritable child is punished it should be done without show of temper. Verbal reproofs should be brief and should be delivered calmly and with a spirit of kindness. To set about the destruction of the child's pride in order to render it obedient, modest or docile arouses anger and the spirit of revolt. Mothers and women teachers are prone to attach an artificial importance to petty transgressions and to fail to distinguish between voluntary offences and unfortunate accidents. The infliction of punishment for dropping a vase, tearing the clothes or blotting a book is not uncommon either at home or at school.

If it is right that children be protected from the occasional undue severity of schoolmasters, society is under no less obligation to hedge about the still more frequent cruelty of parents. We do not advocate a *laissez-faire* discipline, but plead rather for a nicer balance between weakness on the one hand and undue severity on the other.

For obvious reasons illegitimacy of birth, parental desertion, divorce and family disgraces are frequent causes. This is perhaps the saddest chapter of all, though one that does not immediately concern the school.

Often the blame can be imputed to the excessive ambition of the child or to the false pride of the parents. The child begins his lessons too early and from the beginning is stimulated to overwork. Evenings and holidays are devoted to study. If a certain degree of precocious success is attained so much the more pressure is exerted. Parents who are themselves farmers or trades-people are often over-zealous that their children occupy

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high stations. The children also come to look with contempt upon the calling and social standing of parents. If there is general weakness of health the child is almost certain to become a victim of pathological fatigue.

The plight of the moderately endowed child of a genius father is still more sad. Badgered at home for his stupidity, subjected eternally to unfavorable comparisons, conscious that he is a disappointment to relatives and friends, such a child has little indeed to make life worth living. Every situation that confronts him carries its suggestion of failure.

In thus pointing out the dangers of inordinate ambition, we do not, of course, mean to imply that we should strive to inculcate a bovine contentment with what is humble. The purpose is merely to call attention to the vanity and wrong of "boosting" the child to a level which does not comport with its natural gifts of intellect and character.

Other causes include cheap theatres, pessimistic literature, sensational stories, the newspaper publicity given to crime and suicides, and the dangerous suggestive effect of the suicide of relatives or comrades,—in other words, contagion, in the broad sense. Many are victims of hereditary, constitutional deficiency which disposes them to morbid excitability or to "fixed ideas." Alcoholism and venereal diseases contribute their part, and act both to poison the stream of heredity and to create an immoral environment. At the same time religious beliefs are constantly losing force as effective deterrents.

The statistics show that child suicides are relatively more frequent in cities than in the country, and in large than small cities. All of the causes which have been named operate more effectively the denser the population. In cities the emotions are more often excited, divorces and illegitimacy are more frequent, activity is more restrained, school life more extended and more trying, poverty, alcoholism and venereal diseases more widespread. Moreover, the country child has a thousand resources which tend by distraction to break the force of morbid impulsions:—trees to climb, woods to wander through, flowers, fruit, sunshine, and best of all, wholesome occupations.

A large share of the blame for children's suicides falls upon

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the school. It cannot absolve itself of all responsibility merely by guarding against becoming the immediate occasion of the tragedy. Nor does the demonstration of a neuropathic heredity necessarily clear the school of blame. The presence of neurasthenia, hysteria, epilepsy, irascibility, etc., in the heredity does not render the suicide inevitable. It merely adds a premium to the value of moral and physical prophylaxis. On the part of the school such a condition ought to suggest a closer attention to the individuality of the child, the careful avoidance of overpressure, a more sparing use of examinations, the dangers of emulation as a pedagogic device, and the uselessness of some of the dreary subject matter of school instruction.

For the children of unfortunate heredity we need a pedagogy founded equally on psychology, physiology and neurology. A medical pedagogy of this type would not only assist in the prevention of children's suicides; it would also contribute a sanifying influence to the entire national life. The school should draw a lesson also from the new and marvellous discoveries of psychotherapy. Teachers, as well as parents, need lessons in mental orthopædics in order that they may be able to ameliorate conditions of morbid irritability, weakness, timidity, indocility and excessive pride.

Education, to be sure, cannot nullify the laws of nature or grant a new dispensation of heredity; but by taking thought it can build a tolerably solid structure out of rather imperfect materials. Education may make just the difference between excessive pride and high-mindedness, timidity and modesty, apathy and gentleness, rage and righteous indignation; or, in fact, between a criminal and a hero, a prostitute and a saint.

To accomplish all of this the school must learn to harness the natural forces of suggestibility. It must inspire self-confidence and teach children to succeed. It needs to train children in habits of healthful activity instead of cramping the mental storehouse with knowledge which does not function. In the cure of anger, irritability, emotivity, timidity, idleness, sadness, phobias, melancholia, obsessions and other mental abnormalities, sensible physical and mental hygiene will accomplish what penalties and restraint would be forever powerless to do.

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" FEUERZAUBER "

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I NEVER knew the earth had so much gold—
The fields run over with it, and this hill,
Hoary and old,
Is young with buoyant blooms that flame and thrill.

Such golden fires, such yellows—lo, how good
This spendthrift world, and what a lavish God!
This fringe of wood
Blazing with buttercup and goldenrod . . .

You too, beloved, are changed; again I see
Your face grow mystical, as on that night
You turned to me
And all the trembling world—and you—were white.

Aye, you are touched; your singing lips grow dumb,
The fields absorb you, color you entire—
And you become
A goddess standing in a ring of fire!

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HIS OWN DAY

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

ON this day I was born—that was thirty-three years ago. On this day, twenty years later, I fired the shot that placed me among the living-dead for nearly twelve years. On this day, after a year in prison, THEY sent me their first letter. And on this day, only a year ago, I went out into the world once more—and what does the bridegroom expect that may compare with what I expected then?

Other years have brought me other happenings on this day, but I have merely mentioned what stands out most strikingly above the rest. Often and often I have brooded over this curious coincidence, but to no purpose. My existence, as I look back over it, appears not like a succession of years, but like a string of single days—of pearls set far apart on a bare thread. Into these days life distilled the essence of what it had in store for me. And now, of a sudden, a thought comes to me: suppose it were possible, would I then undo or unwish one of the days that have made up my real life? If to-day I were twelve years younger, and if that shot were still unfired, would the fatal moment still find me able or willing to make the slight motion needed to fire it?

I did fire that shot, however—no, there were three of them, but my hand shook so that two never touched the man in front of me. It was only the third one that hit him—after he had had time to raise his left arm up before his face. The bullet went into the back of his upper arm—the arm that was raised. And I was aiming at his heart—or thought I was.

Then men dropped down upon me—strong, heavy men—large numbers of them, I thought. Another shot rang out, but I was not pulling the trigger that time. I was on the floor—pinned down, beaten, trampled on—and at last everything grew black and silent about me.

At the time I must have believed I hated that man, but I know now that I did not. He was nothing to me—had done nothing to me—and not much more to anybody else. He was

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nothing but a tool—but the tool had become a symbol of all that pressed down upon us.

Us?—Who were WE in those days? I could hardly tell. They charged me with being an anarchist. Yet it could not be proved at the trial. Had they put me on the stand and asked me outright, I might have answered "yes" or "no" as vanity or fear, defiance or caution happened to move me. I myself did not know what I was in those days—or what anarchism was. I had been to meetings—I had read a little—but what moved me was in the air: anger, revolt, passion for blood—the blood of somebody, of anybody—because the blood of workers, of poor ignorant things like myself, had been shed without much reason—men shot down like wild beasts for talking to other men in the street!

Nobody had advised me—nobody knew. And I knew nobody, not even among my fellow-workers. I was alone then, as I have always been—without a real friend, without anybody to talk or take counsel with. The idea shaped itself in the nights. Somebody seemed to be speaking within me all the time, saying: "You are the man!" I starved to buy the revolver—which I could not do nowadays. What my deed was to accomplish, or why I undertook it, was not very clear to me—nothing was except that voice from within. And then my own day came around.

When it had been done—of course, there could be no hope of escape or acquittal. At first I believed they would take my life. But I was given a lawyer—THEY got him for me, I suspect now. And he told me that nothing much had happened—just a flesh wound—and that my chances might not be so bad but for the general fear that others were behind me. When he told me this I laughed with tears in my eyes. For in those days my heart was still full—not only of hatred, but of faith—though what I had faith in was vague enough, as I see it now.

I remember the lawyer asking me if I harbored a grudge against the man I had shot—any kind of personal grievance. When I said no, he shook his head and said it was bad for me—very bad.

Everything happened in flashes—so quickly that I could

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hardly keep track of it. A few weeks merely, and I was tried, sentenced, immured in the cell where they told me I should have to spend the next fifteen years of my life—if I lived that long.

From the first I realized that I was being tried not as an ordinary criminal, but as a member of a gang of dangerous conspirators. I can see now that my own lawyer must have suspected something of the same kind. In court, as in jail, I was watched day and night—watched so jealously that only my lawyer could get near me, and even he could rarely speak a word to me without being overheard by somebody else.

For that reason, probably, I did not learn until the very last day of the trial—and then with a surprise that shook me as had nothing else during or before that trial—that I was being looked after by some mysterious friends, and that they were willing to risk a great deal in helping me as far as any help could be given me. This startling news came through my lawyer, who must have tried to convey it for some time before the chance offered itself at last. It was in the courtroom, on the morning of the last day.

"Listen sharp now," he said unexpectedly. "Catch the word SANTIR?" He pronounced it "san-teer" and repeated it three times. Finally he spelled it out: "S-a-n-t-i-r." Then he added, in a barely audible voice: "When you hear it, a friend is speaking and wants to give you a message. Don't let on when you hear it, but use your ears, and do as you are told."

Some trivial remark in a louder tone followed. Apparently we were being watched again. And I sat gaping at him in a state that came mighty near unconsciousness. Minutes must have passed before I knew again what was happening around me. Then I became all ear. And after that my whole waking existence was spent listening for that word and speculating on when or where I should first hear it and what it might bring in its wake. Confused ideas of flight and of more or less melodramatic jail-breakings occupied my attention a great deal. Of what was going on around me I knew very little. Even what the judge said when he sentenced me seemed to reach me from a great distance and carried no meaning with it.

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The hour for my transfer to prison arrived—and no one had yet breathed the magic word in my presence. I was being put through some formalities and was submitting to them in my usual spirit of half-conscious passivity, when a man in uniform grabbed me by the arm as if to push me back into place. As he did so he roared out something which I did not catch, and then he lowered his voice and shot the one word "santir" at me from between his closed teeth. The sound of it literally froze me—then the blood surged through my veins like fire. But my head remained clear and my ears open, and I heard the man mutter:

"Don't let them take you to the hospital—it's your finish if they get you there."

That was all. The man gave me another angry push and disappeared. I reached the prison without another incident.

How ridiculous it seems to me now, that a single little word—a word which I don't know the meaning of, having thought it both dangerous and a sacrilege to ask about it—a word that may not even be any real word at all—should be capable of holding such a store of strength, of courage, of hope—yes, I might almost say: of happiness!

I always heard that word when I least expected it. I heard it often, too—not, perhaps, as men at liberty count frequency, but very often for a man spending all his hours in a solitary cell, without so much as a glimpse of the outside world. Rarely I heard it less than once a month, and each time it heralded some warning that served to protect me against unseen enemies or helped to make my existence a little more endurable. At the time, I used to wonder whether the men from whom I heard that word were all anarchists at heart—a ludicrous, but excusable, mistake. Being once more a part of the world, I know now that where you see two or three jailers, there you see at least one man willing to sell out those to whom he has already sold his soul.

For the better part of a year little came but hints against traps said to be set for me. I was given to understand that my premature exit from this world would be very welcome to some persons having the power of doing me harm. I cannot tell

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whether any truth was behind these suggestions, but I took them all at their face value. And while I may have profited by them in some ways, I know that they made me additionally nervous.

What I feared above everything else was to get sick or lose my mind; and these fears combined with my surroundings in wearing out my resistance. The gloom, the isolation, the bareness and sameness, the silence without and the tumult of my hammering pulses within—but, above all else, the futile grinding of a brain with nothing to work at: under the infernal pressure of this blank existence I felt myself gradually giving way. My body did not suffer so much as my mind. And one day I lost the hold on myself to such an extent that I fell to beating and kicking the cell door in a fit of senseless rage. For a while the muffled sound of my own blows was the only thing I heard —and, such as it was, that sound brought me a welcome relief. Then a deep voice shouted from the other side of the door:

"Peace in there—keep peace, you fool!"

"Peace!" I echoed, dropping down on the bench that served me both as bed and seat. And there I remained for I don't know how long, rocking myself sideways and muttering ceaselessly that one word "peace."

Slowly, very slowly, I became aware of a change within me. Quiet descended upon me—a quiet such as I had not experienced since that shot was fired. Instead of exciting me, the deep silence seemed to soothe my overwrought nerves, and under its influence I fell into a long, restful sleep. From this I woke in a much better mood. The danger was not over, but, by a mere chance, I had discovered a way of overcoming it.

For a long time my whole life revolved about those two words: one reaching me from the outside at uncertain intervals; the other one rising automatically to my own lips whenever darkness threatened to swallow me completely. This latter word became more familiar to my lips than any other word in the language—and not until after I had left the prison did it ever fail to bring back self-control and calm of soul.

In that way—although I was denied the privilege of a walk in the prison yard, or even along the corridors—I wore through one dreary month after another without being drawn into any-

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thing that might render my position still worse. And when my own day came around once more, my system seemed actually to have adjusted itself to the new conditions—to all of them but the total lack of occupation.

When the day arrived, I gave but little thought to it—for much of its significance had not yet revealed itself to my mind. The morning passed as usual. Toward noon I was standing in the middle of the cell, gazing up at the one little window under the ceiling. My eyes were riveted to those few square inches of blue sky, while I was trying vainly to catch a glimmer of the sunlight which I knew must be flooding the world outside—perhaps even entering some of the cells at the other end of the building, toward the south. And my one thought was: "If I could only get a single ray of sunshine into this place!"

At that moment I heard somebody unlocking the door—in another it was pulled open—one of the guards appeared and threw something past me onto the bed. Before closing the door again he said:

"There's a book for you. And you can have others if you ask for them."

He did not use the word that so far always had signalled a message from the friends of whom I knew so little that I could only speak of them to myself as THEY. I stood still, unmoved, uninterested, not even caring to look at the book. And so dulled was my mind—so set in a single direction—that considerable time passed before it occurred to me that here was the change I had yearned for—a something to do at last. Then I turned and picked up the book, but with no haste or anticipation of pleasure.

The title ought to have burned itself into my mind forever. Instead there is not an inkling left of it. It was a novel of some kind, I think. I was turning its pages listlessly, when I caught a glimpse of what looked like a loose piece of paper between two leaves. A suspicion stirred in my mind. My breath quickened. With more excitement than the case seemed to warrant, I tried to find that paper which had dropped out of sight the moment I noticed it. The longer I searched in vain, the more feverishly impatient I grew. When at last I found what I was looking for, the thinness of the paper explained why my search had been so

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hard. It was a single sheet, slightly smaller than the pages of the book. On both sides it was closely covered with handwritten words. At the top of one page, written in somewhat larger letters, I saw the countersign: SANTIR.

I had to sit down and wait until I became able to read more than that one word. At last I started—in what state of mind would be hard to describe. There was no address and no signature. Yet I perceived soon that it was a letter, and that it was meant for me. It opened with a direction that it be destroyed before dark of the day when it was received. Then followed—the words have gone out of my mind long ago, though once they seemed engraved on it past erasure. The very contents of that letter are forgotten—nothing remains with me but a faint impression of its general spirit and an acute remembrance of the feelings it aroused.

I read and re-read that letter—the first one of many from the same source. At first I devoured its message with a bursting sense of pleasure. Soon, however, a very different feeling began to steal in upon me, and after a while it prevailed entirely: a sense of inexplicable disappointment and bewilderment. There seemed to be something in that letter which eluded every effort to pin it down. The words were not abstruse or far-fetched—and yet they had, somehow, an appearance of lying hopelessly beyond my understanding.

With this problem I struggled until I could no longer distinguish the writing. Then—with a sinking heart—I set about to obey the instructions of my unknown correspondent. I could think of no other way to destroy the letter than by tearing it into small fragments and swallowing these. I had forced down all but a few shreds of paper, when a startling thought shot through my brain—and soon I had convinced myself that it embodied the truth. It offered the one possible explanation why the plain words of that letter had puzzled me as they did.

Whoever wrote the letter had made it obscure on purpose—and that purpose, I now believed, was to hide, and yet convey, some communication more secret, more dangerous even, than the letter itself. And this message I had been expected to discover, and possibly make use of—but because of my blindness and

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stupidity I had missed it. Brought to the very limit of despair by the thought of this possibility, I began alternately to curse and weep—and this I kept up until I suddenly discovered that I had learned the whole letter by heart without being aware of it.

That night I slept little. One by one, I examined each word, each sentence, of the destroyed letter. As I turned them over in my mind, everything seemed gradually to gain in clearness—but without bringing to light anything that was wholly new to me. I became more and more inclined to think that I had been deceived by my own excitement—that I had never been puzzled at all except in my own imagination. And yet something within me protested steadfastly against such a conclusion.

It was morning again, and I was sitting on my bench, when the truth of the whole matter came home to me—and right there, in the solitude of my cell, I felt the blood rising hotly to my cheeks. For the first time in my life something like a realization of inferiority took hold of me. For the first time I recognized a shortcoming in myself without promptly absolving myself from all responsibility for it.

I saw that the mystification produced by the letter had its sole basis in the poverty of my own mind. I understood that my own ignorance had veiled the meaning of words chosen and arranged by a mind better equipped than my own. For the first time I grasped the fact that I was ignorant.

I sat down to think, with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands. Then I walked back and forth—three steps one way and as many back again—and thought as I walked. Then I sat and thought some more. At last I threw myself on my bed, and my head struck the book in which the letter had been hidden. Until then I had completely forgotten its presence in the cell, though I must have been almost lying on it all night. It served now to turn my mind in a quite new direction, and finally I found myself thinking to some purpose.

The upshot of it was simple enough—for anything like a detailed plan for my own education was utterly beyond me at the time. No, I just decided to read as much as they would let me, and to pick the most instructive books I could get. To figure out what books and subjects would best meet my needs

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appeared—and proved—a difficulty which time and again brought me to the verge of despair. But after every new discouragement I went at it with increased determination. And in the end—as the result of many mistakes—I learned what I wanted and how to reach it. Where the books came from, I don't know. There was a library in the prison, but I have reason to believe that most of the works I called for were smuggled in from the outside. And I am equally sure that THEY had a hand in it.

As, at an earlier period, I had lived only to listen, so I lived now to study. Every day was given to it—for I had nothing else to do: every day from the moment it grew light enough in my cell to permit the reading of print, and until the shadows fell so thick about me that the letters grew blurred and invisible. But the part of the day that I could employ in such manner was altogether too small for my thirst after knowledge. For my cell faced the north, and its one window was very small and placed very high up. Thus, in order to use the long twilight hours—otherwise lost—I took to learning most of what I read by heart and going over it in my mind during the time not available for reading.

Some schooling I had had, of course—of the kind and quantity that any poor boy gets in a small American town before he is sent out to earn his own living. After going to work and moving to a larger scene, I read not a little, partly to occupy my lonely leisure hours, and partly with some faint idea of improving myself—but it was all so pitifully haphazard and shallow. Newspapers, anarchist pamphlets, some "radical" books with more of argument than of fact in them, and a stray novel picked up at random now and then—such was the only food my mind had to live on in those early years. And the result——!

Turning to real books now—books full of what I have seen described somewhere as "organized knowledge"—I found to my grief that much of their contents might as well have been printed in some foreign language. Nor did the main trouble lie in the presence of technical words and terms—for these I conquered easily enough with the aid of a dictionary, which I was

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allowed to keep in my cell after a while. No, the one difficulty that seriously concerned me was exactly the same that had checked me in the reading of that first letter. The words were clear enough, taken singly or together, and yet they refused, for some mysterious reason, to connect with what was already in my mind.

For months I floundered about like a drowning man—giving up all hope one minute, and in the next returning to the struggle with a sort of concentrated fury. Day after day I kept at it—with as much system as I could devise—until finally I began to make tangible progress. Almost from the first my day's reading fell into two sharply divided parts: one reserved for the pursuit of general knowledge, and the other devoted exclusively to the study of the English language and the reading of English poetry.

A rare, overpowering love for my own tongue had taken hold of me. As far as I can make out, it began very simply as a reaction against my humiliating experience with that first letter—the letter which seems to have influenced my life as much as any one thing that ever entered it. But very quickly this vague feeling developed into an absorbing passion that fed with equal greed on the driest grammar and the golden lines of the great poets. Nothing would satisfy me but to master the innermost secrets of my own language—all its ways and resources, its every peculiarity and refinement. For this purpose I turned above all to the poets. My one thought in going to them was to study, but I ended by loving them for their own sake. And while, in the beginning, my attention was wholly directed toward their form, their command of words, their delicacies of expression, I soon learned to look for deep-running emotional undercurrents, for world-embracing wisdom, and for inexhaustible spiritual beauty.

Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Byron, Keats and Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, Lowell and Whitman—these were my daily associates throughout those eleven years. When a day's reading was finished—under compulsion, because my cell was steeped in darkness—I would often crouch on my bed in a kind of swooning rapture, while I repeated aloud the

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verses I had learned. Thus I was made a new man. A new world was built up for me—a vaster, nobler, sweeter world, of which I yearned to be a living part. And, lastly, the poets taught me how to read the letters that to me meant more even than their own poetry.

No one can tell what trend things might have taken, had I had nothing but my books. But I had the letters also.

My heart is beating wildly again. Head and limbs are restless. Midnight has not come yet. My own day has brought me nothing so far.

I am reading no more poetry these days.

The letters—THEIR letters—would reach me at fairly regular intervals—four to six weeks apart—and always in the same shape and manner: a single, closely written sheet, hidden between the leaves of a book and generally very hard to find. Each new book had to be carefully searched. And even when I had searched it in vain, I would hope against hope that the reading of it might bring out an overlooked letter. Finally, when a letter was found—a few hours of gloating over its text, a feverish scrutiny of each word and mark in it, and an anxious effort to photograph its contents on the brain. Always before I was quite done with that task, the moment would come when the letter had to be destroyed. After that I would repeat its every word to myself the first thing I did when I awoke in the morning—and this would continue every day until another letter arrived. The latest letter always seemed to wipe the preceding one out of my memory. I never could recall the text of more than one at a time. To-day I cannot bring back a single sentence from one of those treasured messages. And I have asked myself at times whether they, too, were nothing but so many delusions —whether, after all, they carried within them nothing vital enough to take a lasting hold of my memory. But such speculations are too dangerous to be pursued very far.

All the letters were written in the same hand—a hand clear as print—and I can still see it when I close my eyes—that is, I can see letters and words, but no sentences with a meaning in them. Even to my untrained perception it was clear, however,

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that the letters were composed by several different persons. And I spent excited hours trying to figure out the characters and personalities and appearances of the authors. One of them I felt must be a woman.

They were only known to me collectively—as THEY. But out of their letters they seemed to rise before me like so many real presences: startlingly real, and yet unnaturally enlarged—like figures coming at you through a mist. And out of their letters I endowed them with all the qualities that I had missed in ordinary men and women. As I pondered their words, and wondered at their brightness, strength and kindness, a single thought separated itself from all the rest and gathered force above all others, until the feeling it engendered seemed the very essence of my being: "I must be worthy of those friends if I ever meet them!"

All that was sublime in the poets I rediscovered in these letters—only in a more familiar form. All that the poets had dreamt of, and hoped for, and sung about, I felt to be already present in life—embodied in THEM, in my friends. And out of all this, new dreams were born—dreams of what might be done when I emerged from my grave and joined that group of men—men free from the marring weaknesses and limitations of ordinary humanity. Mankind should be made to see, even as I had seen—it should be made to understand, even as I, in my prison hole, had come to understand—and THEY would do the rest.

Only one adverse thought appeared at times to trouble my faith. How is it, I said to myself, that the rest of the world has not already seen what to me is so plain? If a few letters can reveal so much, how much more may not be proclaimed by speech and glance and action? There must be men to whom THEY must come so much closer than to me—free men meeting them face to face every day—and what blindness prevents these more fortunate ones from perceiving what cannot be hidden from me in my cell?

For a long time I opened every letter with a thought, if not a hope, that it might contain some suggestion for my escape. But nothing of the kind was ever mentioned. And by degrees

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all idea of a release before the natural end of my term ceased to occupy my mind.

All in all, I must have received more than a hundred letters, and for eleven years I lived in and by those letters—in them and in the works of the poets.

Through eleven years I climbed steadily upward. The work that was so painful in the beginning changed into one continuous, exhilarating joy. I felt myself growing day by day. And the letters provided me with a test for my own growth. Each new one found me better ready for its appreciation. And as I rose, the letters seemed to rise ahead of me—till there were no more letters!

There was no chance for me to answer. Paper and pen were denied me to the last. And I thought it just as well—something of a relief, in fact. For I dared not dream of equalling what I received—and nothing less would do. But just for the fun of it—urged on by the very hopelessness of my undertaking—I tried to shape appropriate replies in my head. First in verse, but that way nothing would come at all. Then in prose. And this task soon formed one of my favorite pastimes. I did not try to judge what I composed—I made no comparisons, as far as I remember—but I believe that if, to-day, I write and speak the English language with some grace, this gift may be traced mainly to that prison practice without pen or paper.

Toward the end of my twelfth year in prison I was told, to my intense astonishment, that "good behavior" had shortened my term, and that I should be set free in a few weeks. And not until then did I realize how completely I had resigned myself to the quiet routine of my studious prison life.

At first the very thought of a return into the crowded, busy world filled me with fear. I should have to earn a living, too—and how? I had gone to prison as an unskilled workman—with all the limitations of such a man, but also with the chances of such a man, such as they are. In prison I had acquired no skill that might bring me a living—but I had changed considerably in other ways. I hardly realized that I had educated myself—that I had risen above the natural circumstances and tastes of my own

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class—but I knew there was a great difference in me, and the nature and consequences of it perplexed me.

What first gave me back some courage was the thought of meeting THEM. Later on I drew added confidence from the fact that I was to be released on my own day. For all that, I spent the rest of my prison days swinging back and forth between fear and expectation, between extreme elation and extreme depression —and both feelings grew more intense as the days fell behind me, until at last every nerve in my body was on edge.

And all too soon, as it seemed to me then, the day arrived. I was set free. THEY met me at the prison gate—a dozen people in all, as far as my confused senses could make out.

After running so smoothly and willingly, my pen balks.

It is growing late, and I must have been writing for hours. To whom? To what purpose?

Some power is urging me on—something must be coming out of it in the end.

THEY were very kind to me, very friendly and considerate. They flattered and praised and made much of me. And the more eager they appeared in their efforts to please me and comfort me, the more embarrassed I became.

Of course, I should have borne in mind the vast difference that lies between the words of a letter read within prison walls and the words spoken by a man in the street—between the outpouring of some hour of concentrated enthusiasm and the petty commonplaces that fill up all the hours of all the days of all the years unto the end. I believe I did consider something of this kind. But need the difference have proved so great?

All that first day I felt dazed. Everything jarred me, and yet I saw or heard very little plainly. I cannot even tell what sort of place it was in which we spent the evening. Some festivity had been arranged in my honor. Many people were there besides THEM. Much talking went on—I even took a part in it, and was greatly startled by the queer sound of my own voice. And all the time I was longing for my cell—longing for silence and solitude—longing to get away from THEM.

If they had proved monsters—if I had found them what the

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world imagines them—the blow might not have been so hard. But to find them just ordinary human beings—small, earthbound, selfish, spiteful, and vain; full of big words and petty bickerings; looking more at each other than at life or mankind or the future—this—this was the one thing I had never suspected—the one thing I could not bear.

Many a time during these last months, particularly at night, I have been sitting untold hours on the edge of my bed, just as I used to do in the cell—and unfamiliar, unaccountable feelings have torn me—until my heart seemed on the point of stopping or bursting. And I have felt things drifting away from me—just as they were drifting those first months in prison. And I have rocked and rocked, and muttered that one word "peace" —until the taste of it in my mouth filled me with nausea. But to no avail.

As I look back at that first day, an isolated incident stands out grotesquely from the mist that surrounds all the rest—and I wonder why in the world my mind has preserved this thing alone of all that must have taken place around me.

There was a woman among THEM—as I had guessed. She was kind-looking, oldish and fat—knitting away at a sock all the time, and talking faster than she knitted. Once more I have the sense of being in a strange room, full of people and smoke, and beside me this woman is plying her needles as she says to me:

"Oh, I know what it is to be in jail—I go to jail once a year as regular as the sun rises—for just as soon as I try to speak in a public hall, 'pop!' comes the police and locks me up on the spot—and I can't be away from my family oftener—but once a year I risk it and take my dose, and it's good for me —it keeps me from getting too fat—you see, I am *so* fond of roast pork and red cabbage—with the merest touch of vinegar on the cabbage—but twelve years is too much for anybody."

Can it be that, after all, this represents the most characteristic thing that *did* happen to me that day?

I learned to know them from one another—learned their names and histories—became acquainted with their ways and

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views and aspirations. We talked a great deal together—we were always talking—of "the cause," of our "plans," of "action." And although I could never make out what they were actually doing, or what they intended to do, I had to admit that they were not lacking either in insight or ideals.

As the days went by, they helped me in many ways. They suggested and tried various schemes to get me a livelihood. They got me to try my hand at writing—as I have been doing since, and not without some success. Oh, I know that I have been neither just nor grateful to them!

But no matter what they said or did, my impatience with them increased all the time—my prison dreams receded further and further away—and now—I am here!

Several times I have tried to leave them. Once I went out into the woods, across unknown fields, wandering about for days. In the end they found me, and I went back with them—or was brought back.

One year has passed since I was set free—and it is again my own day. This morning they came to me. They remembered the anniversary and had planned to celebrate it. One of them remembered what lay still further back and spoke of the shots—I could have struck him! Not that I regret—for what would be the use? But how can I tell whether I should care to do now what I did then—twelve years ago?

I told them I was sick and wanted to be alone. They pressed me. They wanted to stay and take care of me. I could see that they were seriously concerned—and disappointed also—but I could not let them. I could not stand being with them on this day again. And at last I got them to leave me.

Not that they are worse than other people—or worse than I am. Not that they are false to themselves—or to their cause, such as it is. But because they are not better than everybody else—because their cause is no more especially theirs than it was his whom I tried to kill.

And this cause, the very name of which sounds unreal in my ears to-day—it has been my cause—it is——?

So this was what my day was to bring me—the great hap-

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pening that I have been waiting for since morning! Once more, as always, this one day has set its mark indelibly on my life—and henceforth my life will not be what it was until to-day.

For a year it has been coming—and I did not suspect what it meant until this moment.

I have been thinking of THEM merely—and it was my faith itself that was slipping away from me. If it be wholly their fault, or if it were doomed to happen anyhow, who can tell? If it bodes good or bad—days yet to come must prove it.

This much I know, and no more: what I have lived on during the last twelve years, or longer, has been taken away from me—it is now gone beyond all recovery. When I began to write this, I had a feeling of some great loss—but I did not know then—my pen was only putting chance words on a piece of paper.

Until this very moment the truth was hidden from me, but now I *do* see it: through all these years I have been following a phantom!

My loss may turn into gain in the end, but just now it is a loss and nothing else. I am poor as I never was before I went to prison—I am lonesome as I never was in the solitude of my cell—I am at sea as I never was before I first began to think and dream.

When and where shall I find a scheme, a creed, a faith, that can fill up this gnawing void within—a something on which I may build my life?

How am I going to live at all without something to believe in?

The church clock is striking twelve—my day is gone.

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A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG *

CHARLES VALE

UNE Nuit au Luxembourg, by Remy de Gourmont, was published in Paris in 1906. London, after meditating for six years, has decided to challenge public opinion with an unexpurgated translation. Boston, always progressive and adventurous, has repeated the challenge. It is rather astonishing that the journey from Paris to Boston, *via* London, has occupied, comparatively, such a short period. Evidently events are marching.

At the beginning of the volume appears, as a preface, a review by Arthur Ransome. This, in virtue of its excellence, should be considered carefully. It does not explain *Une Uuit au Luxembourg,* or Remy de Gourmont; but neither Remy de Gourmont nor *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* can be explained easily. It does, however, reveal Mr. Ransome's own viewpoint; and that is a revelation entirely worth while.

"*Une Nuit au Luxembourg,*" he writes, "is the book that opens most vistas in M. de Gourmont's work. A god walks in the gardens behind the Odéon, and a winter's night is a summer's morning, on which the young journalist who has dared to say 'My friend' to the luminous unknown in the church of Saint-Sulpice hears him proclaim the forgotten truth that in one age his mother had been Mary, and in another Latona; and the new truth that the gods are not immortal, though their lives are long. Flowers are in bloom where they walk, and three beautiful girls greet them with divine amity. Most of the book is written in dialogue, and in this ancient form, never filled with subtler essences, doubts are born and become beliefs, beliefs become doubts and die, while the sun shines, flowers are sweet, and girls' lips soft to kiss. Where there is God he will not have love absent, and where Love is he finds the most stimulating exercise for his brain. Ideas are given an æsthetic rather than a scientific value and are used like the tints on a palette. Indeed, the book is a balanced composition in which each color

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has its complement. Epicurus, Lucretius, St. Paul, Christianity, the replenishment of the earth by the Jews,—it is impossible to close the book at any page without finding the mind as it were upon a springboard and ready to launch itself in delightful flight. There are many books that give a specious sensation of intellectual busy-ness while we read them. There are very few that leave, long after they are laid aside, stimuli to independent activity. *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* is for our generation what *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was to the generation of Swinburne, 'a golden book of spirit and sense.' Ideas are dangerous metal in which to mould romances, because from time to time they tarnish. Voltaire has had his moments of being dull. Gautier's ideas do not excite us now. M. de Gourmont's may not move us to-morrow. Let us enjoy them to-day and share the pleasure that the people of the day after to-morrow will certainly not refuse."

And again:

"In *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* the thinker is now and then a little contemptuous of the artist. The reader is moved by something beside a purely æsthetic emotion. Beside the breath of loveliness that blows fitfully, almost carelessly, through those flowering trees, there is a sturdier wind that compels a bracing of the shoulders and an opening of the chest. The spectacle of that mind, playing with gods and worlds, so certain of its own balance, wakes a feeling of emulation which has nothing to do with art. This feeling of emulation, never far from a feeling of beauty, is the characteristic gift of M. de Gourmont's work. There was an artist; there was a thinker; there is a philosopher whose thought loses nothing by being beautiful, whose art loses little through being the pathway of the most daring, the surest-footed thought."

A Night in the Luxembourg commences with the sudden death of a journalist—a Frenchman with an English name. There is an appearance of mystery; at first it is thought that he had been strangled by a woman whom he had taken to his rooms. But the affair is settled discreetly by his executor, who had been his friend and is now his legatee. He discovers a manuscript,

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evidently just completed, which he decides to publish. It tells a remarkable story—the story of *A Night in the Luxembourg*. Wandering aimlessly, the journalist had perceived a peculiar illumination in the church of Saint-Sulpice. He enters, and sees a Stranger—whom, nevertheless, he seems to recognize. Living on a new plane of receptivity, he walks with the Stranger in the gardens; hears him talk of religion, philosophy, love, life. Soon he realizes that the Stranger is he who has been called by different names in different ages—Christ, Apollo. It is not a conventional Christ to whom he has been introduced, or merely an unconventional Apollo. It is a new type—M. de Gourmont's type, M. de Gourmont's mouthpiece. And through this mouthpiece M. de Gourmont attacks asceticism; indorses the older paganism, in its finer implications; and evinces toward love a blending of the ancient Greek and the modern Gallic views. The dialogue—even now, in spite of our familiarity with the questioning of all claims that have crystallized into creeds—will seem greatly daring to many readers, painfully irreverent to many others. Yet, in these days of democracy, each man must decide for himself where legitimate freedom of discussion ends, and unwise license begins. Official censorships have a habit of provoking more ridicule than respect. The book which will arouse a storm of protest in one generation, in the next is regarded as mildly stimulating or completely innocuous. And where so much remains to be learnt before human thought will move freely and without shackles to the rational interpretation of the universe, any work which strikes a blow at inertness, at mental stagnation, performs a service for which gratitude must be rendered. *A Night in the Luxembourg* at least compels self-examination, the turning over of the litter in the attic where man stores his insincerities, the beliefs that he is not using, but is unwilling to discard entirely. Even if it be not—and it certainly is not—the affirmation of a creed in which rest may be found, without laziness, M. de Gourmont's philosophy is at least the negation of sheepishness. Nothing is sacred merely because it was accepted by our forefathers and has been transmitted to us covered by the dust of ages. It may prove to be the wine of life. But it must be tasted, and tested.

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Here is an example of M. de Gourmont's method:

THE STRANGER. My father . . . You were speaking of my father. I am afraid you have an exaggerated idea of him. He was—is it not so?—very powerful, fairly intelligent, just,—but, admit it, he was not good . . .

THE JOURNALIST. You speak as if he no longer existed.

THE STRANGER. He is not dead, but he is old. The gods end by growing old. He has retired into the eternal silence of disabused intellects. He still gives advice; he alone is capable of explaining certain human evolutions; but the indifference of the aged has dried up his heart. He has never much loved mankind, and now has turned from them entirely. I, on the other hand, love them . . .

"The gods end by growing old." Even so, from alpha to omega. Zeus has been pensioned; and though two-faced Janus is still in demand, is Jesus found in the churches that proclaim him—the Jesus who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance; the Jesus who did not accuse the harlot, but bade her sin no more; the Jesus who had not where to lay his head, but the whole world in which to lay his hand on the maimed, the blind, the leprous? If he is not growing old in the memories of men and dim to the consciousness of the churches, would our brothels and dives, our jails and penitentiaries be the pillars of civilized society?

The Stranger continues:

"The religious conception of the world that you now have, the conception that you call Christian, from the name that was given me on the occasion of one of my earthly visits, is one of the feeblest that humanity has ever imagined. . . . The creator of the world, the regulator of the world, is Destiny. Fatality rules over the gods, as the gods rule over men; and under her hand, my friend, we are all equal, exactly as you under death—genii, kings, and beggars alike. . . . The search for truth is one of the great occupations of men. . . . This need for truth torments men about the time that their carnal passions let them rest."

Subtle and suggestive are the ensuing passages. Insistence

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is placed on the variability of the gods. Suprahuman they may be, but not supernatural. They are not immune from change, sensation, decay, death—though the period of power and vitality is vastly prolonged. There are some thousands of them, of varying importance; and they find, we are told, in sex the consolation and inspiration that men have fancied they discover in it. To those who have forgotten the Greek conception of life, of love, of man and the gods, the quotation that follows will seem fantastic or blasphemous. Yet, if what man knows is a part of what God knows, and valid to the measure of its completeness, then what man feels is a segment, however small, of the circle of divine feeling. There is no blasphemy in the idea that what humanity finds right and beautiful, the gods (we must accept for the moment the plane of the book) might make more beautiful still, refining away the dross and retaining the gold of emotion.

"We deliver ourselves to every pleasure with a divine frankness, and it would be difficult for those of us who have not associated with men to understand the meanings you have given to the words lust, gluttony, idleness. . . . Our women differ little from yours, that is to say, they bear the same relation to us as yours do to you. We do not consider them inferior, but different, and this difference makes our common happiness. They are admirable . . . . but the pride that is natural to them makes them selfish. My friend . . . . your women equal ours. They know how to forget themselves in love; they know how to find their happiness in the happiness they give. If their senses are less delicate, . . . their hearts are more sensitive. Ah! to read in their eyes their gratitude for the pleasure they have given. . . . "

Though this passage could scarcely have been written—in its entirety—elsewhere than in France, it may be read without harm in other countries, which familiarize their schoolboys with the erotic legends of the classics without acquainting them with the simple facts of their own nature and development. It were absurd to strain at M. de Gourmont's gnat—though it is an unusual and distinctly noticeable gnat—while we swallow complacently the whole array of classical camels.

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M. de Gourmont is not an admirer of St. Paul. He has some particularly pointed remarks with regard to the thirteenth apostle.

"I interested myself in St. Paul. I came to him as I have come to you: he was dazzled and believed that the vision had given him a divine mission. I followed him in his journeys. His energy amused me. . . . Later on, I let him die without consolations: his pride sufficed him.

" I thought this man less mad than the other thaumaturgists who, like him, amused the crowds; but the idea of God went to his head, and he began to believe in me, supposing me omnipotent. It was then that I ceased to visit him, for I do not care to make myself the facile accomplice of religious divagations. Left to himself, he went on hearing me; my voice sounded like a buzzing in his deaf ears. His faith grew measureless, and he accepted martyrdom. How different from the charming Epicurus, for whom our conversations were never more than a charming diversion. . . . "

Three young women, who appear later to be goddesses,—a frequent delusion with regard to the sex,—are now introduced; and the journalist has curious emotional experiences with one of them. Finally, the Stranger goes his own strange way: but the goddess-incognita remains. The journalist takes her home. In the morning, he is found dead. The description of the final environment is given with French frankness; but I transcribe it with transatlantic reticence.

" While waiting for the police to draw up their official statement, I made a mental inventory of my friend's room. Its aspect seemed to me odd. . . . Two candles at the bedside had burnt themselves out. A man's clothes had been flung on a sofa, and among these clothes I found a woman's dress, of antique or rather Empire fashion, a sort of tea-gown of spongy white linen, very fine, with a gathered belt, much lacework, and blue and yellow embroideries. I saw besides some plain white silk stockings, yellow garters with paste buckles, and one slipper in blue morocco; I did not find the other.

" The man's clothes were those of my friend, who was dressed at the moment in a gray flannel suit and a brown dress-

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ing-gown. Nothing could be simpler. But the dress, and the silk stockings . . . . ?"

The doctor comes. He is asked: "Natural death?"

"The most natural in the world." He looks round the disordered room, and then points to the writing table, where the manuscript of the story was found. "Sexual followed by cerebral excesses."

This might well be the verdict of some critics with regard to the book itself. It is a subtly clever book; often stimulating, in its revolt against stupid acquiescence in mere custom and in its contemptuous rejection of unreasoned asceticism. But it comes from a source tainted with decadence. Freedom of thought is permissible—differ as we may from the expression of the thought; but obscenity—though it be the obscenity of the ultra-intellectual—is not permissible. Here, it is Parisian; perfectly conveyed, but unpleasant. Through all the subtlety and satire, the fearless speculation and the persistently intruded sexuality, one sees the leering of a grotesque gargoyle designed by a degenerate. Not from M. de Gourmont the philosopher, but from M. de Gourmont the feminist—in the most irritating, and perhaps not the least prevalent, sense of the word—comes such a lewdness of imagination as, for instance, the reference to St. Cecilia. I refrain from quoting it—yet not without some reluctance; for I am attempting to convey an accurate impression of the book, and it is difficult to do so while omitting such significant details. And one becomes rather tired of the convention that men and women who are supposed to be grown up must nevertheless be served only with desiccated mental food. Ignorance cannot constitute or safeguard virtue; and there is little value in the innocence that cannot face both the truth and the lies of life, the cleanness and the uncleanness, and so realize and enrich itself, knowing both good and evil, and caring to choose the good.

If this is a wicked book, as many will consider it, should it not be read? The answer depends upon the personal conception of character. Yet a character so fragile that it must seclude itself from all possible shocks, will not go far in the world before arriving at a Waterloo. The spiritual invalid has been

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over-pampered, and should make acquaintance with the weather of open spaces, beyond the crowded tenements of habit. Nevertheless, even for the robust, *A Night in the Luxembourg* might prove dangerous, though the poetry, the intellect and the irony that pervade it prevent me from magnifying the shadows of decadence that would loom to Comstockian eyes as an impenetrable fog, obscuring sunlight or stars, or the little lamps of the streets where the world's conventions pass and jostle. But Paris is perhaps the only place in which such a story should be read. The Parisian atmosphere reduces even M. de Gourmont's cynicism to its correct proportions. One views it in perspective—the perspective of the Boulevards.

Yet truth is truth—and there is truth in the book, though it is expressed with a license generally associated with falsity; a license to which, in this country, we are not accustomed, apart from politics. But reversion is not necessarily perversion. The coarser view of sex-attraction as something inherently degrading, disguise it as we will; the confusion of morality with asceticism, in theory, and with vulgarity, in practice;—is this finer than the simple, willing recognition of natural tendencies as normal and wholesome, if all their associations are with beauty? Abnormalities and ignorance do not represent morality; nor, assuredly, can it be measured by M. de Gourmont's gargoyle standard. But it may be discussed, as even the gods—to use M. de Gourmont's phrasing—may be discussed. Blind acceptance of the venerable Miltonic superclergyman of *Paradise Lost* is not inseparably identified with the modern interpretation of mediæval dogmas. To doubt is no longer a crime. It is a duty. If a man cannot justify the faith that is in him, it might as well be interred decently in the grave of lost illusions; and he must learn to justify it to himself before he can defend it from the ridicule or irony of the militant sceptic. No faith can stand firmly which cannot withstand the keen analysis of intellect. If it be impregnable, he who attacks it merely demonstrates its invulnerability, and therefore renders service, even though his desire were to destroy.

M. de Gourmont attempts to destroy; but he also constructs. He ridicules the unreasoned; but no man could more compe-

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tently satirize his own ridicule. He disintegrates creeds and customs with acid doubt; but, with a twist of imagination, transforms doubt into a creed, corrosive and self-destructive. He holds up to us the pictures of the past, that we may see them in a clearer light; but he will throw a similar light on the formlessness of the Futurists, and invite polite scrutiny. The public is not yet concerned with the Futurists; they have still to become a tradition. But the habit of admiring the pictures of the old masters, and the masters who are growing old, is firmly established, and criticism is resented. Yet the superb coloring is sometimes more noticeable than even moderate imagination. So *A Night in the Luxembourg* may be worth at least a day in the Louvre. It has the coloring of decadence; but it has also the imagination of—M. de Gourmont.

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TWO POEMS

HERBERT KAUFMAN

MEMORY

THE light
Of the white night
The pale
Green veil
Of dawn
Is gone.
Gray day
Dulls the sky
And I lie
And yearn
And turn
The yellowed page of memory
And read to bleed.
Dear, all these years
My tears
Have stained the hidden chapter. It was well
To kill your love, but it is hell
To meet its ghost;
You were a lie as fair as ever slew a soul
And yet if I might take my toll
Once more of kisses and caress
And press
Your God-hewn self again
Perhaps the pain
Might still.

RESURRECTION

I SAW her to-night as she passed in the crowd;
For a moment the past was forgot and I bowed,
And the mummy that once was a heart, moaned in pain,
And the soul that was dead writhed in anguish again;
Then Memory spake and shrank back in its shroud.

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PRISON BARS

DONALD LOWRIE

ACCORDING to figures taken from the official reports of penal institutions throughout the United States, from 20 to 25 per cent. of the number of prison inmates in this country are recidivists, *i. e.,* offenders serving a second, third or subsequent term for felony. These figures, deplorable as they stand, are sufficient in themselves for the condemnation of our penal system—or lack of system; but when it is learned that they fall far short of the truth, that the actual percentage of recidivism is much greater, the enormity of continued apathy on the part of the American people toward prison conditions becomes obvious. As a matter of fact, 40 per cent. of the number now confined in the State prisons and penitentiaries of this country have served previous terms. At present there is very little co-operation between prisons. Each prison is maintained and conducted independently of all other institutions of similar character, and it is only when the "repeater" has been an inmate of the prison to which he is recommitted that the fact of his previous term is established, and even this is not always accomplished. It is only by mingling with prisoners as one of them, it is only by simulating their composite moral standard, it is only by maintaining a rigid inviolacy of their confidences, direct or inadvertent, that a person seeking facts may glean a fair measure of inner and under-world truth. The present writer spent ten years behind the walls of San Quentin prison, California, and during that time gleaned a great deal of information from individuals who had been confined in other prisons. This information was gathered casually, without apparent design, so far as each man who revealed his experiences knew, and for that reason there was no element of misrepresentation or exaggeration; nor has the writer any motive in chronicling the actual percentage of recidivism save that of furnishing an accurate working basis for those who are interested in the problem of crime, and the efficacy or inefficacy of purely punitive penalties.

Writers reared amidst mahogany surroundings, with no idea

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of what the inside of prisons is like, have elaborated so-called solutions of the "criminal problem." Scribes actuated by a desire to make money have published sciolistic observations and sensational stories concerning prisons and prisoners. Religious workers, after a few Sunday visits to prisons, have expressed the opinion that the majority of prisoners are "heathens" in spirit. Perhaps, because the present writer has had his head cropped, and has worn stripes, his views may be obnoxious to some who may feel that his mind is biased, who may believe that:

"No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

But I would ask you: Who is better qualified to tell you about mines than a man who has spent ten years with a safety lamp shadowing his begrimed countenance? Who is better fitted to discuss farming than an individual who has slaved for a decade behind a plough and harrow? Who is more imbued with the facts and conditions of improvement than one who has spent a third of his generation behind bars? In the book, *My Life in Prison,* I have drawn a picture of what imprisonment is like, but—save esoterically—have offered no remedy. It is the purpose of this article to offer a few remedial suggestions.

Why are so many discharged prisoners returned to prison? Surely they do not crave the fetid food, the ignominious garb, the soul-sickening slavery of such an existence. Surely they must realize that it does not pay to be "crooked," that it is a "losing game," that the law-abiding members of society stand against them with thumbs mercilessly up-pointed; that the wages of crime is living death. Then why do they persist? They don't; at least the majority of them do not. It is the fact that their term in prison has unfitted them for the struggle of life, and that they find a self-righteousness in those outside who have never been caught breaking the law, that sends the majority of ex-prisoners back to prison. There is no condition of human life more tragic in its inexorability than that of the former convict. Occasionally one rises above his past and attains to a fair

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degree of success in the business world; but socially and personally the stigma of his former degradation always clings to him; the contamination—like that of the former harlot—is never forgotten; and he goes down to his grave with the consciousness of having lived a lop-sided life, all in consequence of a mistake, the commission of what we call crime, perhaps in early manhood.

The object of imprisoning human beings, or rather, the object of restricting their liberty, should be to protect society, and for no other reason. And in this restriction of liberty there should be absolutely no element of revenge or punishment involved. As stated before, 40 per cent. of those committed to prison at present revert to crime on being released. Is that protection? If 40 per cent. of those discharged from hospitals or insane asylums relapsed, would you continue complacently to pay taxes for the support of such institutions? Would you not feel that there was something wrong in the management, or in the system? Society fails to protect itself under the present penological conditions because nothing, or practically nothing, is done to cure the offender. He is merely committed to prison for an arbitrary term of years as punishment for his offence. While in prison his food, his clothing, and a place to sleep, sordid though they may be, are provided him. He need give no thought to the morrow, and if he have a family in the outside world he can contribute nothing toward its support. In other words, the instant he enters the prison gate he ceases to have responsibility, he is told that he must not exercise initiative, that he must not manifest the least spirit of independence, that he must conform rigidly and unswervingly to a set of rules. This condition is of course unnatural, and the victim of it becomes abnormal. A dog chained up becomes vicious; a horse confined in a narrow stall without exercise becomes unmanageable when released; a canary permitted to go from its cage invariably starves to death because it does not know how to get its own food. Human beings subjected to analogous conditions show similar results. It is inevitable that they should do so.

Examining into the word crime, what do we discover? In the first place, it is natural for a child to take what it sees, what

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it wants. As the child grows old enough to understand, it is told that certain things around it belong to individuals; that it has been born into the world to have only what its parents give it. In later years it learns that it may have only that which it earns by labor, or through the exploitation of the labor of others. It learns that it must labor, not for the benefit of fellow human creatures, but for the sake of accumulating all it can possibly accumulate for its own use. It finally discovers that labor is not for self-support, not to make everyone equal, but for profit, for the sake of getting something that the other fellow lacks. That is civilization. Some children grasp it readily and accept it as right. Others fail to grasp it save in degree. Still others instinctively rebel against it. Children in the latter two classes are embryo "criminals."

Again, 75 per cent. of present-day crimes are crimes against property; only 25 per cent. are what may be called natural crimes, such as murder, assault, mayhem, or violation of sex naturalness. Offences against property are classified by mankind into misdemeanors and crimes. Let us use two hypothetical cases to illustrate the difference. Driving along a country road you come to an apple orchard. It is remote from habitation. The fruit looks tempting, you feel slightly hungry. Knowing that the apples belong to another person, you nevertheless climb over the fence and take some of them. The fact that they belong to another person makes no difference, your conscience will not bother you—unless you chance to be caught and are made to suffer the humiliation of being charged with petit larceny and obliged to pay a small fine. Another man, a tramp, comes along the same road. Passing the farm house he observes that the door is open and sees a roasted chicken reposing on the table. He also is hungry, and the chicken looks tempting. He enters the grounds, goes into the kitchen and purloins the chicken. He knows that the chicken belongs to another person, but that doesn't bother his conscience either. But he is caught, and immediately learns that he has a conscience. He also learns that he has committed burglary, which is a crime. The fact that he entered a dwelling makes him a burglar, and he is sentenced to prison for two years. In both cases the motive was identical,

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yet how unidentical the penalties. And the penalty imposed upon a "criminal" depends on many extraneous and illogical conditions: the locality where the crime occurred, the reticence of the offender to disclose his identity, or tell where he came from, the prevalence of crime in that particular community at the time, or the condition of the judge's liver. Also, some judges are "hard," while others are "easy"; some are fair, while others are unfair. So many concrete instances illustrating the elasticity of "justice" occur, that it would take a volume to record them.

And so, wherever and whenever I have the opportunity, I advocate the indeterminate sentence; that is, I believe prisons should serve the same purpose as hospitals or insane asylums, and that no prisoner should be released until those in charge of him feel reasonably sure that he has been trained to such an extent that he will not revert to crime. Of course this connotes that those in charge of prisons shall be men of the highest qualifications and character. To secure such men means that prisons must be absolutely removed from the sphere of politics.

Wherever it is possible, the young or initial offender against the law should be given a chance on probation. He should be impressed with the fact that if he violate the terms of this probation it will mean that he will become a ward of the State indefinitely, perhaps for the rest of his life. That seems harsh, but it is not. It merely aims to protect society by protecting the individual offender against himself. Failing to honor his probation, or being adjudged unfit for it, the delinquent would be committed to the State institution designed for his redemption. Such an institution should not be known as a prison, and no disgrace should attach to the individual committed, neither while there, nor afterwards.

At present there is great opposition to prison labor. Trade unions are fighting continuously to prevent the employment of prisoners. It is quite natural that this should be the case; it is not only natural, but it is right. Not being paid anything for his labor, the prisoner's product is cheap, and this cheap product placed on the market to be sold at a lower figure than the product of the free workman, who perhaps has a family to

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support, cheapens the work of the free workman. But if the prisoner were paid for his labor the same as an outside workman, his labor would no longer be cheap, and would not cheapen the labor of the free workman. Being paid on this basis for his labor, the prisoner in turn would have to pay for everything he received: his clothing, food, lodging, medicines, etc. Also, he should be permitted the greatest possible latitude in the expenditure of his earnings. The development of human character depends almost entirely on the exercise of choice by the individual. "He is not free who is not free to stray." The prisoner with a family should have the right, or be compelled, if need be, to support that family; while the prisoner having no dependents, in order that he might assume the same degree of responsibility as the man of family, would contribute an equal portion of his earnings toward the support of State hospitals and asylums. Such a system would not only make the prisons self-supporting—as they should be—but would inculcate habits of industry, frugality, responsibility, and respect for law and order in the delinquent, as will be shown. In place of being tortured in a straitjacket or "derrick," instead of being hanged by the thumbs, or thrown into the dungeon for violation of the community rules and regulations, the offender would be subject to fine, and no inmate could secure his release, on parole, until he had accumulated a specified sum, sufficient to start him out independently in the outside world.

Until quite recently the 1,900 prisoners confined at San Quentin cost the State of California a quarter of a million dollars each year to keep them in the abnormal condition there, a condition from which the majority emerged worse than when they entered. An equal number of men in the outside world would support a community of several thousand persons; a community with schools, churches, parks, banks, homes, theatres, street and fire departments, and everything that goes to make up what we conceive to be a normal existence. Yet these 1,900 able-bodied men, fed on the cheapest kind of food, clothed in the coarsest manner, housed in cells like animals instead of human beings, and working every day without pay, cost the people of California so many thousands of dollars. What is true in

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California is true in other States. Just stop and think of the absurdity of such a condition—a State paying to keep 1,900 able-bodied men in a condition of pauperism, after which 40 per cent. return to crime. Can any greater moral and economic stupidity be imagined? Is there any element of sentimentality involved in the agitation for prison reform when these facts are considered?

But under the system which has been outlined the delinquent would acquire, almost unconsciously, the very characteristics—industry, frugality, responsibility and respect for law and order—necessary to his manifestation as a useful member of society in the world at large. And under that system no prisoner would be released save on parole. After a trial on parole, if he "made good" he would get his absolute release, restoring him to the same status he enjoyed before his lapse, and with no more stigma attaching to him than attaches to the person who has been cured of small-pox or insanity. If he failed to honor the conditions of his parole, or if he committed another crime, he would be returned to the care of the State for further training; with a fine, imposed as a penalty for his relapse, which it would require him at least two years to work out before he could begin to strive for a second chance on parole. This would eliminate the expense of trying professional "crooks" again and again; it would make every man his own keeper, his own jailer, his own saviour.

In my experience I have seen scores of youths in their "teens" committed to prison for a first offence to serve sentences ranging from 5 to 50 years; and recidivists, "four or five time losers," return under mittimus of 2 or 3 or 5 years. I know a man who, after serving four years in the penitentiary for burglary, spent the $5 which the State allowed him, for a second-hand revolver and some "soup" (nitroglycerine). The second night following his release he was discovered by a policeman in the act of trying to blow open a safe in the wholesale district of San Francisco, and when the officer essayed to arrest him the ex-prisoner tried to kill. Fortunately, by quick action, the policeman got his thumb under the hammer and the cartridge failed to explode. The culprit was overpowered, and was subsequently tried and convicted. But when the time came for the

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passing of sentence, owing to mud-gutter political influence—the offender having been born and raised "south of the slot" in San Francisco, where his aged mother washed clothes for a living—he "got off" with a sentence of four years. I don't say four years wasn't long enough, because, under the present system, four years serve the same purpose as ten or fifteen years. The case is cited merely in comparison with another. A few days after this man had been sentenced, a youth less than seventeen years of age, a boy who had wandered away from his home in the East, away from his mother, like a great many boys do, was passing along a deserted street of the same city in the dead of night, and came upon a man lying in the gutter intoxicated. Hungry and miserable, with no place to sleep, he was tempted to "go through" the drunken man's pocket. He did so, and secured between three and four dollars. Unfortunately for him, however, the drunken man was aroused, grappled with the boy, and made an outcry. Naturally the boy tried to get away, and struck his would-be captor in the face several times before a policeman, attracted by the cries, arrived on the scene and placed them both under arrest, handcuffing them together. Under the California law, to take anything from the person of another when such person offers resistance constitutes robbery, and the youth was tried and convicted on that charge. Being friendless and penniless, and without influence, he was buffetted back and forth between the jail and the court like so much junk, and when the time came for passing sentence the same judge who had sentenced the murderously inclined safe-blower to prison for four years on a second conviction "handed" this boy a "package" of 20 years. Just think of it. Twenty years in a place where he would stagnate, and imbibe nothing save evil. For

> "Vile deeds, like poison weeds,
> Thrive well in prison air;
> 'Tis only what is good in man
> That wastes and withers there."

Suppose he were your boy? When I left San Quentin the second offender was out, but the boy, pale-faced and weary, the anguish of hopelessness and premature age in his brown eyes,

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was still there. With the indeterminate sentence such a horror could not be. I know a professional crook, a man thoroughly familiar with court procedure, who was sent back to San Quentin for his tenth offence with a sentence of one year. He had served nine previous terms for felony. I know another man who came back the seventh time with a sentence of two years. I know five youths, all under 21 years of age, who were sentenced to serve 50 years each for their first offence. A particularly atrocious robbery had occurred in the community, and they, the subsequent and minor offenders, were used as "examples."

Do you wonder that I advocate the indeterminate sentence? With the indeterminate sentence and a condition where the offender will be trained and developed instead of being crushed and degraded, followed by parole when the subject is fit, and final restoration to the full rights and privileges of citizenship, crime, as a profession, will ultimately go by the board. The present retaliatory, revengeful, inhuman, uneconomic, abnormal and crushing system has had a long and bloody reign; why not try something else?

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THE ITALIAN DEAD MARCH

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

LO, I know not whom they bear
Thro' the gray streets,
Thro' the gray dulness of life,
With such a trouble of music!
O strange folk,
Alien-brotherly people,
How have you put God's grief in this your dirge?
O, I could weep away my soul,
Upon which love and joy await,
I could weep it away
To those strains.
Thro' this gray afternoon
A gleaming sword flashes,
A visionary sword
Bites thro' the day,
Pierces to my soul with instant anguish.
Who grasped this tear of God
And made it music?

Who goes there in the black wain
With gaudy flowers and flags and sleekened mourners?
Who?—what?
A boxful of ashes.
And yet the petty futile funeral rite
Convicts my soul of immortality,
Of old ineffable mystery convicts it,
Humbles it,
Dissolves it,
Blows it as sand,
Devastates it,
Pierces it thro',
Because of this lamentation of brass trumpets
Filled with a tear of God.

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JULES DE GAULTIER: SUPER-NIETZSCHEAN

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

EVERYTHING that is ultra-modern comes from Schopenhauer. He completed the work of Kant and inaugurated modernity. His "World as Will and Idea" and his essays were the starting points of Nietzsche, Wagner, Flaubert, de Maupassant, and Turgenieff. Goethe himself admitted his debt to the philosopher of Frankfort. His influence is universal. His ideas dominate those who have never read a page of his. Schopenhauer is the father of the modern world. He is a Columbus, a Copernicus.

Jules de Gaultier stems directly from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. He is the author of five or six volumes which are the most complete and the most masterly studies of the Life-Illusion which exist. The formula of Schopenhauer, the great generalization of which everything was an expression, was "the Will-to-Live." Nietzsche's final generalization was "the Will-to-Power." De Gaultier's final generalization is "the Will-to-Illusion."

These three generalizations are not antagonistic. Jules de Gaultier accepts both the formula of Schopenhauer and the formula of Nietzsche and demonstrates that they are parts of a supremer generalization still: the Will-to-Illusion. All life is an expression of the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power, but both the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power depend for their very existence on the instinct to illusion that exists in every animate thing. The Will-to-Illusion, to unreality, to lie, is inherent in every life-movement. Movement itself cannot be conceived of without it.

Jules de Gaultier calls this universal truth—a truth from which depend among mankind those other two truths, the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power—Bovarysm, or the power that a being has of conceiving himself otherwise than he is (se concevoir autre qu'il n'est). Life is carried on by an act of the imagination perpetually repeated. Every human being sees himself as he is not. An ideal and a lie are one and the same thing.

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The life of Madame Bovary, or the Instinct-to-Romance, is the life, in one form or another, of every creature. Error, irrationality, a perpetual becoming, are the very bases of life. From the instinct to bovaryse, or to create the world as it exists imaginatively, flows all the comedy and tragedy of existence. It is the secret of history and the secret of religions. From the tragic viewpoint we are all Hamlets and Madame Bovarys; from the comic viewpoint we are all Malvolios and Don Quixotes.

The profoundest instinct in man is to war against the truth; that is, against the Real. He shuns facts from his infancy—from both his racial and individual infancy. His life is a perpetual evasion. Miracle, chimera and to-morrow keep him alive. There is no absurdity that he will not seek to perpetuate in order to escape the Dreadful Truth. He lives on fiction and myth. It is the Lie that makes him free. Animals alone are given the privilege of lifting the veil of Isis; men dare not. The animal, awake, has no fictional escape from the Real because he has no imagination. Man, awake, is compelled to seek a perpetual escape into Hope, Belief, Fable, Art, God, Socialism, Immortality, Alcohol, Love. From Medusa-Truth he makes an appeal to Maya-Lie.

Those few who pride themselves on their power to look the Real in the face without flinching are as thoroughly duped as the poorest clod. Schopenhauer to escape the Real invented a Nirvana. Flaubert sought relief in the Art-Lie. Nietzsche took refuge in the Overman. Jules de Gaultier has built on the granite of the Real or the True a magical Palace of Perception, thus bovarysing himself. But it must be said of Jules de Gaultier that he is the first to glorify and divinize the Lie, and in his magic Palace of Perception he is a willing prisoner. He is an Œdipus at Colonna, but an Œdipus with wide-open eyes. He glorifies what Schopenhauer execrated and is the golden dome that surmounts the edifice erected by Nietzsche. He accepts life as an amazing frolic of antithetical forces. He who sees the mechanism of the Game and enters it freely with a bound and a shout and a superb Dionysiac Yea, knowing from the first that it has no other meaning than what appears on its surface—such a person (and such a one is Jules de Gaultier)

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may be said to have achieved the limit of human freedom. To him the war against Reality has become a sport. Sometimes he is on one side, sometimes on the other. From his tent in the clouds he contemplates the antics of man and the ruses of the Real. He gives himself heartily to the drama, and utters silently and with what withering irony: "Thy will be done, O most admirable Dramaturge!"

"The world is my idea," said Schopenhauer. Jules de Gaultier has changed this axiom to "the world is my invention." That is his metaphysic, if he has one. Imagination creates the Real. Schopenhauer's formula that man by "dint-of-wishing" will in the long run become the thing he wishes to be, Nietzsche's command given to men that they shall endeavor to "surpass themselves" and Jules de Gaultier's dogma that all reality, social as well as cosmic, exists first of all as a figment in the brain and is externalized by a long series of trials and imitations, are at bottom the same.

It is a new cosmogony. Man is himself a god, a fabricator, and his workshop is in his skull. His brain is the loom of the Unconscious, and with the stuffs he weaves there he dresses the external world. Kant had already made man the inventor of Time and Space. Jules de Gaultier makes him the inventor of all that is through the supremacy and dynamic quality of his imagination.

Life is, therefore, a perpetual exfoliation of the Real. Everything first exists as a thought, a fancy, a wish, a need in a mind, either consciously or unconsciously, before it takes form and substance. All things are created in the manner in which Pygmalion created Galatea. All the absurdities of dreamland will some day be commonplaces. The Imaginative Will of man is the Artist par excellence, the Impresario of the world-comedy. It bungles and botches and strikes in the dark a million million times; but it pays the penalty for its daring in the end by the complete and irretrievable externalization of its mental and emotional poses, and carries on the profound legend of Nemesis. Don Quixote ends by being Prospero—and Prospero ends by reading Aristophanes and Heine. The Real is the child of our

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imagination, and when it stands before us in all its naked, menacing ugliness we rant and roar because the glory of the dream vanished in the birth-throes.

Without this perpetual illusion life cannot be carried on. The Ideal is the one thing needful. It is the law of evolution. It is the leit-motif of Change. It is the mask of the forever hidden Ironist. The Ideal is the Witch of the World. Brangaene! Brangaene! divine procuress, with thy deadly love-poison ever at our lips! Monstrous begetter of deadly passions, torrential images, tumescent visions—and shabby realities!

The real world passes through the portals of sense and in the penetralia of the mind is deformed and modified by the endless deformations and modifications already enthroned there. When it is reborn it comes forth glorified, bedizened, aureoled in the garments of the imagination. Thus Tolstoy assumes the manners of a peasant, the soldier hearing the call to arms already sees himself as a newer Napoleon and beholds himself crossing Europe, the middy just enlisted in the navy struts unconsciously up and down the deck as he saw Nelson do it in a picture book, the youth who has his first speaking part given him by his theatrical manager conceives himself as a future Booth or Irving. And it sometimes comes about that auto suggestion ends in complete realization and that the Real is created by a Fiction.

There are two empires. Schopenhauer called them Will and Idea, Nietzsche personified them as Dionysus and Apollo, Jules de Gaultier has called them the Vital Instinct and the Instinct to Knowledge.

Instinct wills, creates, carries on the work of the species. The Intellect destroys, negatives, satirizes and ends in pure nihilism. Instinct creates life, endlessly, hurling forth profusely and blindly its clowns, acrobats, tragedians and comedians. Intellect remains the eternal spectator of the play. It participates at will, but never gives itself wholly to the fine sport. It fuses with Instinct, but never loses its identity. It is eternally on the watch, for the ruses of Instinct are uncountable. It lives to trap the Intellect that has broken the shackles and escaped from its dungeons. The Intellect freed from the trammels of the

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personal will soars into the ether of perception, where Instinct follows it in a thousand disguises, seeking to draw it down to earth.

In this rise into the azure of pure perception, attainable only by a very few human beings, the spectacular sense is born. Life is no longer good or evil. It is a perpetual play of forces without beginning or end. The freed Intellect merges itself with the World-Will and partakes of its essence, which is not a moral essence, but an æsthetic essence. Life is good because it is sublime. The great evils of existence, from this supreme height, give to the Intellect, freed for the moment from the mere act of living, the same pleasure that the most unlettered person derives from the woes of Hamlet, Lear, Œdipus and Phædra. The grandeur of the tragedy of man is the justification for life. The cosmos is an atelier. Life is like a cinematograph performance where a hidden Operator throws on the screen of Time a moving-picture show that lasts for an eternity.

The Superman? He is the man who participates in life and watches his own antics with an indulgent irony. He is the man who is both actor and spectator at once. He is the man who commits all the follies of sentiency for the sake of the gesture and in order to analyze his sensations. He is the man who reinvents and reappraises himself each day; one who walks ahead of himself perpetually; one who dances with joy on the catafalque of yesterday; one who indulges every passion and is the supreme of culture.

He is Wagner rather than Napoleon. He is Goethe, Spinoza, Walt Whitman, Stendhal. He is also Jules de Gaultier.

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THE LYRIC YEAR

CHARLES VALE

FOR all important purposes, humanity may be divided into three classes: those who write poetry; those who read poetry; and those who ignore poetry. The three classes cannot, of course, be defined rigidly; the first two tend to coalesce, while the boundaries of the third are elastic, and embrace large numbers who are not aware of their dedication. For many who merely think that they write poetry, and many who merely think that they read poetry, must be included, regretfully but firmly, in the last and lowest class, where they will meet the vast army of life's failures and derelicts. Obviously, the successes, or the partial successes, are always included in one of the first two classes: for no man, however rich he may be, is a complete failure, if he can appreciate *Cynara* or the *Ode to a Nightingale*.

When this view of the importance of poetry has been fully realized, it is possible to approach *The Lyric Year* in the right spirit. For *The Lyric Year* is not simply a book. It is an event, the significance of which gradually unfolds itself. Regard it as we may at first, with great or modest expectations, we cannot leave it without the conviction that here is a fine thing, well worth doing, and worthily done.

To be told that the book contains a hundred poems by a hundred poets, is not in itself enlightening. The monthly output of magazines will present a hundred poems—though not necessarily a hundred poets. But *The Lyric Year* is not merely a collection of poems. It is a thermometer—a Centigrade thermometer. By it, one may ascertain the temperature of our national life. For there is no clearer truism than the truism that the vitality of a nation is measured by its poetry; and though that poetry is not always expressed in rhythmic or rhymed lines,—though much of it is blank and more of it inarticulate,—there remains in the written word and the caged music a sufficient index. The wheatfields of the West, and the skyscrapers of East and West; lumber-camp, farm and factory; steel rails girdling a continent, and a

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canal linking two oceans; Subway, and incredible, clanging Elevated; harbors and great ships—the American Flag too rare; tunnelled mountains and bridged rivers; mines and cattle ranches, fruit orchards and cotton plantations; electricity flaring from sea to sea, a spider's web of telephones, automobiles swarming like fireflies; the palaces of the rich, and the tenements and prisons of the poor; churches, cathedrals, stockyards, straphangers; life fluid in the melting pots of the great cities; the flux of politics, the flash of an ideal,—progress with feet in the mire and eyes to the stars; a nation in the making and in being, with a continent for a home and the future for a plaything:—here, surely, is stuff for poetry; and if it cannot be translated into hexameters,—for which omission we may be duly grateful,—it can assuredly be transformed, not into the light that never was on land or sea,—one may dispense with the vague and formless,—but into the light that lighteth the world, the light of sun or moon or stars, though their shining be seen in a vision; the light of the actual—yes, of Broadway, or the ferries at night, or the cottage with lamp or candle in the country; the light that shines through the mud of life and transfigures and justifies the universe.

And so one comes to *The Lyric Year* with a little curiosity and a larger hope. And since this is altogether a serious business,—no less, indeed, than a new discovery of America,—wayward mood asserts itself and prepares for a possible disappointment by a momentary assumption of levity, as of a soft shell capable of being hardened rapidly into cynicism. But the reading of the second page of the editor's prefatory note inspires confidence. The note has commendable brevity; and it has meaning. The concluding sentence must be reproduced:

"Ten thousand poems by nearly two thousand writers of verse have been personally examined by the editor for this competition."

There, at once, tersely, inimitably, the scope of the undertaking is conveyed. From ten thousand poems, a hundred have been selected. From a hundred possible *Lyric Years,* there is one book. Nineteen hundred writers of verse have been excluded. A hundred remain—the first century of the new era of American poetry.

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One passes from the prefatory note to the list of contents and contributors,—admirably arranged. Zoë Akins leads the alphabetical way, and a slow glance down the pages discovers Dorothy Landers Beall, whose first book of *Poems* revealed rare promise; Witter Bynner, apostle of condensation; Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Grace Hazard Conkling, Richard Le Gallienne, Edwin Markham, Josephine Preston Peabody, George Sterling, Ridgely Torrence, George Sylvester Viereck, George E. Woodberry, and many other well known names, with some—like Edna St. Vincent Millay—entirely unknown. And so one comes lingeringly to the opening poem, *Lethargy*.

> "I know nor hour from hour nor day from day;
> I follow paths dead winds left in the sand,—
> Content to travel nowhere, and to stand,
> Deciding nothing, at some changing way."

And now, I have read through the book, as every educated American will—or should—read through it, and many an Englishman in his own country, eager to know what has been done over-seas with the language of Shakespeare. It is possible to find some fault with what has been done—facile praise has little value; but it is impossible not to find also both promise and fulfilment of a high order; something to be proud of—almost arrogantly proud; something to be grateful for, as one is grateful for a Lincoln, or a Whitman, or any superb manifestation of the nation's genius. I do not mean that the word "superb" would obviously be applied here; there will be a tendency, even amongst the most appreciative, to underrate, not to overrate, the actual achievement. Yet I know of no contribution to American literature during the last fifty years that is quite comparable with this, in its full significance. I cannot resist quoting from William Stanley Braithwaite's excellent review in *The Boston Transcript*.

"It is the fresh, vigorous, instinctively artistic expression of the American spirit. Our critics of fiction have been long awaiting and prophesying the arrival of the great composite American novel. It has never arrived, and never will in the pages of a single volume. In the meantime the art of poetry, hardly recognized by either the American people or the American critics as a living, vital, compelling force, has been quietly, steadily grow-

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ing and developing, until suddenly in this volume it foreruns the adventitious accomplishment of fiction, and presents an expression of the composite American spirit in a triumphant burst of song. . . . The heroic, silent and consecrated efforts of our poets may be found not in the six or eight examples who have been fortunate enough to win a moderate appreciation, but in the obscure hundreds who have made the unwritten and unappreciated poetic history of America during the last quarter of a century. . . . There is no backward glance in these dreams and ideals and realities. The volume is a confident looking of to-morrow in the face in the expressed hopes and aspirations of individual and national existence, veined and tinted with sturdy moral principles, social obligations, industrial justice, ethical responsibilities and spiritual perceptions, which, forming themselves into a sort of artistic and substantive unity, are lighting new vistas in futurity. . . . "

"Spiritual perceptions . . . lighting new vistas in futurity"—that, precisely, is what one hoped to find in *The Lyric Year*. The hope has been justified.

A few words with regard to the inception of the volume are desirable here. Some months ago, Mr. Ferdinand Earle, author of *Sonnets,* published last year, and of *Pilgrims of Eternity,* which appeared in THE FORUM for February, 1912, offered to provide $1000 for prizes to be awarded for the best three poems submitted in a national lyrical competition. With the coöperation of the publisher, already so intimately identified with the encouragement of poetry in this country, the work was planned and carried to completion in its present form. Mr. Earle undertook the editorial responsibility and deserves unstinted recognition for the enthusiasm and patience that were indispensable. But an acknowledgment is also due to the contributors, who entered completely into the spirit of the undertaking, valuing their share in the making of a book that would adequately represent American poetry of to-day, far more than they would have valued their share of the cash prizes—though a poet and prosperity are proverbially not inseparable. In one thing, however, they unfortunately failed, as a whole; the lyrics in *The Lyric Year* are not numerous; there was a tendency—a natural

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but regrettable tendency—to take full advantage of the limit of length assigned, and send in poems less brief than labored.

The first prize goes to Orrick Johns, for his *Second Avenue;* and no one will grudge the success of the young author of *The Sea-Lands,* Mr. Johns' first contribution to THE FORUM, in which *Second Avenue* also appeared originally. Yet the latter poem has distinct faults; it lacks clear thought; it is too rhetorical; it provokes criticism before it claims acceptance. But it has a vision and a message, though it is meditative, not constructive. It visualizes the present and prophesies for the future; but the prophecy is vague, apart from the resolute note of brotherhood.

> "Beat on, ye thousand thousand feet,
> Beat on thro' unreturning ways;
> Not mine to say whereto ye beat,
> Not mine to scorn you or to praise."

The diffidence of the third line is unnecessary. In the following verses the tendency to ornateness is evident:

> "The gorgeous canvas of the morn,
> The sprinkled gaiety of grass,
> The sunlight dripping from the corn,
> The stars that hold high-vestured mass,
>
> The shattered grandeur of the hills,
> The little leaping lovely ways
> Of children, or what beauty spills
> In summer greens and autumn grays."

But now that criticism has had its way, briefly, appreciation can be given, willingly. *Second Avenue* is greater than its faults. Read and considered in its completeness, it stands out as a strong, fine poem—an achievement, and an augury.

To a Thrush, by Thomas Augustine Daly, secures—and deserves—the second award.

> "O Comforter, enough that from thy green,
> Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess
> To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,
> Shouldst send thy flame-tipped song to cheer and bless.
> Enough for them to hear
> And feel thy presence near;

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And yet when he, regardful of her ease,
Had led her back by brightening hall and stair
To her own chamber's quietude and peace,
One maple-bowered window shook with rare,
Sweet song—and thou wert there!

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh
Those spirits twain had never come before.
They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;
To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,
As tho' God's hand had lit
His altar fire in it,
And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,
Wherefrom thou mightst in numbers musical
Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis preached
To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall
That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,
But drank not yet thy deeper homily.
Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,
And from its cell the young soul struggled free—
A new joy, trailing grief,
A little crumpled leaf,
Blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem—
Thou wert, as fabled robin to the rood,
A minister of charity to them;
And from the shadows of sad parenthood
They heard and understood.

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?
Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,
This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,
Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.
Five Mays have come and sped
Above her sunny head,
And still the happy song abides in her.
For tho' on maimèd limbs the body creeps,
It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir
Familiarly the far cerulean steeps
Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O throstle!
Thou golden-tongued apostle

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And little brown-frocked brother
Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
Sing strength into the man;
That she who in another May
Came out of heaven, trailing care,
May never know that sometimes gray
Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.
To them in whose sad May-time thou
Sangst comfort from thy maple bough,
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O prophet then, be prophet now
And paraclete!"

This is only a fragment, but it explains the selection of the poem for the first award by one of the judges.

The third award—or, to speak more exactly, the second of the two equal minor prizes—goes to George Sterling for *An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning.* This is a great commemorative poem, full of fine, though complicated, imagery; but it is undesirably rhetorical, and far too long. All should have been said in half the space. Then, perhaps, these two lines would have been eliminated:

"And I have seen thee as
An eagle, strong to pass—"

But, at its best, the Ode sweeps high indeed, where cavilling cannot follow it easily.

"As unto lighter strains a boy might turn
From where great altars burn
And Music's grave archangels tread the night,
So I, in seasons past,
Loved not the bitter might
And merciless control
Of thy bleak trumpets calling to the soul.
Their consummating blast
Held inspirations of affright,
As when a faun
Hears mournful thunders roll
On breathless, wide transparencies of dawn.
Nor would I hear
With thee, superb and clear

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The indomitable laughter of the race;
Nor would I face
Clean truth, with her cold agates of the well,
Nor with thee trace
Her footprints passing upward to the snows,
But sought a phantom rose
And islands where the ghostly siren sings;
Nor would I dwell
Where star-forsaking wings
On mortal thresholds hide their mystery,
Nor watch with thee
The light of heaven cast on common things.

* * *

And yet not thine for long
The feignèd passion of the nightingale,
Nor shards of haliotis, nor the song
Of cymballed fountains hidden in the dale,
Nor gardens where the feet of Fragrance steal:
'Twas thine the laying-on to feel
Of tragic hands imperious and cold,
That, grasping, led thee from the dreams of old,
Making thee voyager
Of seas within the cosmic solitude,
Whose moons the long-familiar stars occlude—
Whose living sunsets stir
With visions of the timelessness we crave.
And thou didst ride a wave
That gathered solemn music to its breast,
And, breaking, shook our strand with thought's unrest,
Till men far inland heard its mighty call
Where the young mornings vault the world's blue wall.

* * *

O vision wide and keen!
Which knew, untaught, that pains to joyance are
As night unto the star
That on the effacing dawn must burn unseen.
And thou didst know what meat
Was torn to give us milk,
What countless worms made possible the silk
That robes the mind, what plan
Drew as a bubble from old infamies
And fen-pools of the Past
The shy and many-colored soul of man.
Yea! thou has seen the lees

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In that rich cup we lift against the day,
Seen the man-child at his disastrous play—
His shafts without a mark,
His fountains flowing downward to the dark,
His maiming and his bars,
Then turned to see
His vatic shadow cast athwart the stars,
And his strange challenge to infinity.
But who am I to speak,
Far down the mountain, of its altar-peak,
Or cross on feeble wings,
Adventurous, the oceans in thy mind?
We of a wider day's bewilderings
For very light seem blind,
And fearful of the gods our hands have formed.
Some lift their eyes and seem
To see at last the lofty human scheme
Fading and toppling as a sunset stormed
By wind and evening, with the stars in doubt.
And some cry, *On to Brotherhood!* And some,
(Their Dream's high music dumb)
Nay! let us hide in roses all our chains,
Tho' all the lamps go out!
Let us accept our lords!
Time's tensions move not save to subtler pains!
And over all the Silence is as swords . . ."

I will give a few scattered extracts, before passing to *Renascence,* with which, since it conveys the freshest note of the book, one may most fittingly conclude. Florence Brooks, in *The Steel Age,* strikes the sombre note of pessimism:

"The world is dry and cold and mechanized,
The hearts of men are dead that are not sad,
All the quick souls are beaten back to darkness,
Song has no joy, love is no longer glad.

* * *

Go out, all men, and wander in the waste,
Go trail your anguish over swamp and sand,
Lay down your heads at dusk and cry aloud
How live the stagnant souls in our great land!

O weary poet, prisoned in foul walls,
Let some new order spring from thine old woe,

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Take thyself out and wander to the void,
In loneliness wherever thy feet go!"

Contrast this with the optimism of Donn Byrne, in *The Piper:*

"I will take my pipes and go now, and God go with you all,
And keep all sorrow from you, and the dark heart's load.
I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear the summer call,
And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road."

The full charm of Bliss Carman's poetry is not found in *The Mysteriarchs;* there is just a little of the lecture in it. Yet it is a fine poem, with that note of aloofness from wrangling and superficiality, of intimate association with the ideal and the truth, found so clearly in his prose essays. He turns away, though not brusquely, from the shattered glass and corrosive acid of the Pankhurst gospel; yet it is a different creed from the oak and clinging ivy that he preaches.

"Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

* * *

The foolish may babble and riot, but the deep-eyed helpmates know
The power that settled the rooftree was more than the power of the blow.

* * *

Come they into assembly, or keep they another door,
Our makers of life shall lighten the days as the years of yore."

Josephine Preston Peabody's remarkable *Woman-Song* does not surrender its complete message at the first reading. It gains its effects by losing clarity. Yet few of the poems in the book will be more widely discussed than this, with its lyric outburst at the end.

"'Spin,—spin! Thou who wert made for spinning!
We are only the stars. Lo, thou art human.
Thou art the Spinner,—yea from the far beginning,
Thou who art Woman.

'Forth, come forth,—unto the uttermost borders;
Forth, where the old despairs and shames implore thee,—
Forth of thy small shut house,—where thy dominion
Widens before thee.

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'Spin,—spin! Lift up thy radiant distaff!
Spinner thou art,—yea, from the dim beginning,
Life and the web of All Life, and the hosts and their glory;—
Thine was the spinning.

'Spin,—spin! while that the Three were spinning,
Thou, behind them, gavest their flax, O Mother;
Thou, the spinner and spun, and the thread that was severed;—
Thou, not another.

'Weave,—spin! Lift up thy heart with thy spinning;—
Look and behold it, shading thine eyes from our laughter:—
Life and the glory of Life and the hosts of the living,
Here and hereafter!

'Warp,—weft, woven of flame and rapture;
Out of the Moon, silence and white desire;
Out of the Sun, wonder and will and vision,
One with his fire.

'Fear not, fear not! Let not thy lowliness draw thee
Back to thy small shut house, O thou too lowly!
Lo, in thy shrining hands the web of thy glory,
Blinding and holy.

'Never thine own;—not for thy poor possession,—
Sitting in darkness, spent with a dim endeavor;—
Life and the web of All Life, and the hosts of the living
Now and forever.

'Rise, come, with the Sun to thy chorussing vineyards!
We are but stars, and fading. Lo, thou art human.
Put on thy beautiful garments, O thou Belovèd,
Thou who art Woman.'"

There are many other poems that I should like to refer to in detail, especially Ridgely Torrence's beautiful *Ritual for a Funeral*—remote as it is from all conception of a lyric; Ludwig Lewisohn's tense *Saturnalia;* Willard Huntington Wright's *Selma* and Shaemas O Sheel's *He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed;* but I must draw this brief excursion through *The Lyric Year* to a somewhat abrupt close, reserving whatever space remains for Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence.* This may not

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be the finest poem in the book; but, to me, it is the most notable. It would be very easy to point out defects, both real and apparent; for Miss Millay's conception of her theme involves a certain superficial crudity, which is absorbed in the completeness and consistency of the poem. It is a remarkable production for a girl of twenty,—remarkable for its freshness, its spirituality, its renunciation of artifice, and its unmistakable power.

"All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see;
These were the things that bounded me;
And I could touch them with my hand,
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short, and scarce at all.
But, sure, the sky is big, I said;
Miles and miles above my head;
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky.
And so I looked, and, after all,
The sky was not so very tall.
The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
And—sure enough!—I see the top!
The sky, I thought, is not so grand;
I 'most could touch it with my hand!
And, reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

I screamed, and—lo!—Infinity
Came down and settled over me;
Forced back my scream into my chest,
Bent back my arm upon my breast,
Held up before my eyes a glass
Thro' which my shrinking sight did pass,
Until it seemed I must behold
Immensity made manifold;

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Whispered to me a word whose sound
Deafened the air for worlds around,
And brought unmuffled to my ears
The gossiping of friendly spheres,
The creaking of the tented sky,
The ticking of Eternity.
I saw and heard, and knew at last
The How and Why of all things, past,
And present, and forevermore.
The universe, cleft to the core,
Lay open to my probing sense . . .

* * *

For my omniscience paid I toll
In infinite remorse of soul.
All sin was of my sinning, all
Atoning mine, and mine the gall
Of all regret. Mine was the weight
Of every brooded wrong, the hate
That stood behind each envious thrust;
Mine every greed, mine every lust.
And all the while for every grief,
Each suffering, I craved relief
With individual desire,—
Craved all in vain! And felt fierce fire
About a thousand people crawl;
Perished with each,—then mourned for all!
A man was starving in Capri;
He moved his eyes and looked at me;
I felt his gaze, I heard his moan,
And knew his hunger as my own.

I saw at sea a great fog-bank
Between two ships that struck and sank;
A thousand screams the heavens smote;
And every scream tore thro' my throat.
No hurt I did not feel, no death
That was not mine; mine each last breath
That, crying, met an answering cry
From the compassion that was I.
All suffering mine, and mine its rod;
Mine, pity like the pity of God.
Ah, awful weight! Infinity
Pressed down upon the finite Me!
My anguished spirit, like a bird,

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Beating against my lips I heard;
Yet lay the weight so close about
There was no room for it without.
And so beneath the Weight lay I
And suffered death, but could not die.

Long had I lain thus, craving death,
When quietly the earth beneath
Gave way, and inch by inch, so great
At last had grown the crushing weight,
Into the earth I sank till I
Full six feet underground did lie,
And sank no more—there is no weight
Can follow here, however great.

Deep in the earth I rested now;
Cool is its hand upon the brow
And soft its breast beneath the head
Of one who is so gladly dead.
And all at once, and over all
The pitying rain began to fall;
I lay and heard each pattering hoof
Upon my lowly, thatchèd roof,
And seemed to love the sound far more
Than ever I had done before.
For rain it hath a friendly sound
To one who's six feet underground;
And scarce the friendly voice or face:
A grave is such a quiet place.

* * *

How can I bear it; buried here,
While overhead the sky grows clear
And blue again after the storm?
O multi-colored, multiform,
Belovèd beauty over me,
That I shall never, never see
Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold,
That I shall never more behold!
Sleeping your myriad magics through,
Close-sepulchred away from you!
O God, I cried, give me new birth,
And put me back upon the earth!
Upset each cloud's gigantic gourd
And let the heavy rain, down-poured

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In one big torrent, set me free,
Washing my grave away from me!

* * *

I know not how such things can be,
I only know there came to me
A fragrance such as never clings
To aught save happy living things;
I felt the rain's cool finger-tips
Brushed tenderly across my lips,
Laid gently on my sealèd sight,
And all at once the heavy night
Fell from my eyes and I could see,—
A drenched and dripping apple-tree,
A last long line of silver rain,
A sky grown clear and blue again.
And as I looked a quickening gust
Of wind blew up to me and thrust
Into my face a miracle
Of orchard-breath, and with the smell,—
I know not how such things can be!—
I breathed my soul back into me.

* * *

I raised my quivering arms on high;
I laughed and laughed into the sky,
Till at my throat a strangling sob
Caught fiercely, and a great heart-throb
Sent instant tears into my eyes;
O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Thro' the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.

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The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine thro'.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

There have been some suspicions that the soul of America was becoming flat, but the sky will not cave in while there are such poets to uphold it, with the stars shining, as *The Lyric Year* reveals. Opinions will differ with regard to individual success or failure; and there will be no undue or unwise desire to overestimate the general accomplishment. Though the Time-spirit moves conspicuously through the volume, complete expression has not been given to it. But *The Lyric Year* has performed an invaluable service by bringing the nation's poetry and poets into clear focus. We can be well content with the achievement of the present; entirely confident for the future.

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THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

VI

"As he looked upon the descending wraiths, Koolotah saw they had the spirit-semblance of gleaming faces, and that their eyes burned, through the enveloping cloud-veils, like fire . . . 'The dead—the dead . . .' he said, 'we have come into a land of the dead. . . .'"

"Then the glacial mountainside to which he clung trembled . . . the silver-swimming world of white dust-driven fire became suddenly black—and the earth seemed removed from under him . . ."

Leaving the low-lying shore, Ootah's path led up through a narrow gorge between two great cliffs. Since he had returned from the mountains the path had been covered by many successive falls of snow. At places the path sloped abruptly downwards at a terrible angle, and the ice cracked and slid beneath the hardy hunters' feet. With the agility of cats, the dogs fastened their claws into the ice and climbed upwards.

Constantly the two men had to hold to the jagged rocks to their right, otherwise, time after time, they would have slipped into the perilous abyss below. Through the chasm the moon poured its liquid rays. At certain points towering crags shut off the light—then Ootah and his companion had to feel their way slowly upwards in the dark. Finally Ootah's dogs, with a loud chorus of barking, leaped ahead. Seizing an overhanging ledge of rock Ootah lifted himself to the top of the precipice. Koolotah's team followed.

For interminable miles a vast icy plateau stretched before them—a plain glistening with snow and reflecting like a burnished mirror the misty silveriness of the moon. Over the glacial expanse an eerily greenish phosphorescence, which palpitated and shifted at times with vivid splashes of opal and deeper tones of burning blue, hung low.

The upland was split with thousands of canyons that writhed over the white expanse like snakes in tortuous convulsions. From these bottomless abysses arose a luminous amethystine vapor. In the depths jutting icicles took fire and glowed through the lustrous mists like burning eyes. Where the chasms joined with others or widened, ominous shapes, swathed in wind-blown blackish-purple robes, with extended arms, took form. As Ootah and Koolotah dashed forward, great spaces of clear ice palpitated on all sides of them with interior opaline fires.

Neither spoke. Holding the rear framework of their sleds, they trusted to the instinct of their dogs. Mile after mile swept under their feet. Their road often lay along the very edges of purple-black abysses. The echo of their sharp gliding sleds cutting the ice, of the very patter of their dogs' feet, was magnified in volume in the clear air, and it seemed as though, in the hollow depths on every side, ghostly teams were following. Koolotah was white with fear. But Ootah encouraged him onward.

They paced off twenty miles. They reached an altitude of more than a thousand feet above the sea.

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The great moon slowly circled about the sky; the scurrying clouds contorted like grotesque living things.

The two hunters made precipitous descents over unexpected frozen slopes—at times it seemed as though they were about to be hurled to instantaneous death. Yet Ootah steeled his heart. His teeth chattered but he gritted them firmly.

"Annadoah needeth food," he murmured, "and——"

His eyes shone, a new pity not unmingled with a taint of bitterness filled his heart. Annadoah must live; she must have food. For a strange thing, he observed, had come upon her. Her inexplicable moods, her brief moments of tenderness, her riotous griefs, and other prefigurements of maternity—these made her dearer to Ootah. So he vigorously cracked his whip and urged the dogs.

The chasms twisted with lifelike motion all around him. Behind, as in a dream, Ootah heard the whip of Koolotah, and the barking of Koolotah's dogs. For hours his feet moved swiftly and mechanically under him. Once his foot slipped. He swerved to the right. A vast black mouth yawned hungrily to receive him; then it closed behind him. The leaping team of dogs had pulled him forward. Luckily he maintained a tenacious hold to the rear upstander of his sled.

Narrow chasms constantly cut their trail. With sharp howls the dogs leaped over these, the sleds passed safely, and by instinct Ootah would bound forward. Narrower than a man's stride in width, Ootah knew these slits in the glacial ice were hundreds of feet in depth, that a slip of the foot might plunge him to immediate death. Now and then he lost his footing on the uneven ice; his heart leaped for fear, but he held grimly to the sledge and the lithe, lean but strong dog-bodies carried him to safety. These faithful animals bounded over the glimmering ice field with amazing speed. They snapped and barked with the joy of the race. In the white moonlight the vapor of their breathing enveloped them like a silvery cloud.

For hours the hunters continued the trail. Their mighty purpose fought off fatigue. The moon passed behind cumulous mountains of clouds along the horizon, and periods of darkness blotted the world from Ootah. Then they travelled in darkness. A warm dampness rising from the gaping abysses that sundered the ice field told them of their danger; then Ootah's heart chilled, his teeth were set chattering; but he thought of Annadoah and the grim need of food, and he gripped the upstander of his sled more determinedly. When the moon again unclosed its pearly sheen over the ice, the serpentine chasms moved their tortuous backs and writhed about them, the icy hummocks billowed, and the glittering ice-peaked horizon swam in a dizzy circle of diamonded light.

As their trail ascended higher the penetrating cold dampness somewhat moderated. In the taut air the sound of their whips was like that of splitting metal. Shuddering and sepulchral echoes answered the barking of their dogs. The faithful ghosts of the dogs of fallen hunters were following their departed masters in the amethystine mists of the canyons about them. Ootah and Koolotah trembled with the thought of the dreadful nearness of the dead. Believing other animals to be ahead, the dogs set up a wilder, shriller howling. Then the echoes came back with more startling and terrifying proximity. Ootah's flesh crept. Finally, with an explosive sound, Koolotah let his whip fall.

"*Aulate*—halt!" he called.

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They came to a dead standstill.

"*Pst!*" he whispered. He hit the snapping whining dogs. "*Pst!*" They crouched to the ground and whined mournfully.

"Dost thou hear?" Koolotah asked in a hushed voice. In the moonlight Ootah saw that the lad's face was as white as the face of the dead, and that in his eyes was a wild fear. From the mountain ridges, which loomed beyond, came an ominous noise—resembling a low wind. Ootah bent his head and listened to the sobbing monotone, then whispered:

"The breathing of the spirits of the hills who sleep."

"Perchance we waken them," Koolotah ventured.

"That would be bad," Ootah replied.

"I have left my mother forever," Koolotah wailed.

"Be brave, lad; they need food; beseech the spirits of those who lived when men's sap was stronger, thy ancestors, for strength. Come!"

Koolotah raised his head—then uttered a low cry of alarm. He drew back, fearfully, pointing with a trembling arm to the mountain pass ahead.

Covered with glacial snow and ice the slopes of the first ridge of the interior mountains gleamed with frosted silver. Over the white expanse, formed by the countless gorges and indentations of the slope, cyclopean shadows took form, and like eldritch figures joining their hands in a wild dance, loomed terrifyingly before the two men. Their trail now ascended through a gorge which abruptly opened immediately before them. Into this rugged chasm the argent moonlight poured, and from unseen caverns in the pass glowered monstrous phosphorescent green and ruby eyes.

From the heights above fragments of clouds descended through the chasm. In the full moonlight they were transformed into tall aerial beings, of unearthly beauty. They were swathed in luminous robes that fluttered gently upon the air, and like the birds they soared, with tremulous wings resembling films of silver. They moved softly, with great majesty. As he looked upon the descending wraiths, Koolotah saw they had the spirit-semblance of gleaming faces, and that their eyes burned, through the enveloping cloud-veils, like fire. He drew back, afraid.

"The dead . . . " he murmured . . . "We have come unto the land of the dead."

Both stood in silence, reverent, awed, half-afraid.

Then Ootah snapped his whip. He called to the dogs.

"Let us go unto them . . . Let us show that men are not afraid. *Huk! Huk! Huk!* Come!"

The dogs howled, the traces tightened, the sleds sped forward. They entered the defile. The trail twisted up the side of the chasm, less than three feet wide for long stretches. The dogs had to slacken and pass upwards in line, one by one. Covered with new ice it was dangerously slippery, and in climbing the men had to hold to jutting icicles for support.

Ootah was ahead. At times sheer walls of ice confronted him. At certain places there had been drifts, at others glacial fragments had slipped from the mountain above. Before these almost insuperable walls Ootah would pause and with his axe hew steps in the hard ice.

They slowly toiled ahead for an hour. Then a blank sloping ice wall, twice the height of Ootah, blocked the path. He grasped his axe and began hewing a series of ascending steps. He breathed with difficulty; the air in the high altitude made respiration difficult. He was soon bathed

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in perspiration. The moisture of his breath and beads of sweat froze about his face, covering him with an icy mask. His eyelashes froze together. He would have to pause to meet the quickly congealing tears. He suffered unendurably. Finally his axe split; the ice was harder than his steel. He uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Thy axe!" he called to Koolotah.

Koolotah swung his axe in the air and over the dog team separating them. Ootah leaped from his feet and caught the axe as it soared above him. In a half hour the step-like trail was cut, and he clambered over the wall. Digging their nails into the indentations, the dogs followed. Then Koolotah and his team scaled the obstruction.

Koolotah felt his heart choking him as it seemed to enlarge within; Ootah, in truth, was not entirely unafraid. Both knew that a slip of the foot would plunge them to instant death. As they ascended the trail, the gathering clouds surrounded them. They could no longer see their dogs. They could not even perceive the blackness of the chasm to their right. Above and below they were enveloped in a silver mist. Only the reflected glitter of the moonlight on jutting icicles on the opposite side indicated the chasm so perilously near. Through the mist Koolotah saw the green and crimson eyes of baleful creatures that might, at any moment, spring upon him.

When they reached the inland valley they were both spent in strength. In sheer relief from the agonized suspense of the journey they sank on their sledges and lay palpitating for an hour or more. But the cold froze their perspiring garments and they had to rise and exercise so as not to freeze to death. Ootah knew that no time could be lost. In the interior mountains the breathing of the hill spirits was becoming more uneasy. And Ootah noted with anxiety the increasing moderation of the atmosphere. That was not well. When the cold relented the hill spirits released the glaciers.

With frantic eagerness they explored the valley. The green grass whereon Ootah had seen the splendid animals grazing months before was covered with ice. There was no sign of the *ahmingmah*. Ootah's heart sank. He felt very much like weeping.

Suddenly the dogs began to sniff the air and bark hungrily.

"*Ahmingmah!*" Koolotah cried, joyfully.

Ootah released the team—the dogs made a misty black streak in their dash over the ice. The men followed.

In the shelter of a cave they found five musk oxen. They were huddled together and half numb with cold. They roared dully as the howling dogs assaulted them, and rushed lumberingly from the cave into the moonlight. Five great black hulks, with mighty manes of coarse hair, they ambled over the ice for a space of five hundred feet and then, surrounded by the dogs, assembled in a circle, their backs together, their heads facing the howling dogs. Thus they were prepared to protect themselves from attack.

The dogs, frantic with hunger, made fierce rushes at the animals. Now and then, as the dogs dashed forward, one of the great beasts would charge, its head lowered, and the dogs would leap backward into the air and scatter. Then turning, the animal would rush back to its companions as fast as its numbed legs could carry it.

Through the white vapor of their breath, which half hid their great

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horned heads, Ootah could see the eyes of the musk-oxen—they were greenish and phosphorescent. Occasionally the creatures roared sullenly, but the fight was less exciting than it would have been had they been less torpid from hunger and cold.

Ootah called away the dogs, and raised his gun, one which he had got many years before from the white traders.

There was a yellow flash in the moonlight—a mighty roar went up. The dogs, with a cyclonic dash, swooped upon the fallen monster, snapping viciously at it as it roared in its death agony. Frightened, the other four scattered—one rushed into the shelter of the cave, the other three dispersing, soon became diminishing black specks in the moonlight. The dogs would have followed, but Ootah called them back. One animal was even more than they could manage.

With quick despatch they fell upon the animal with their knives. Neither spoke—they worked breathlessly. With marvellous skill they peeled off the heavy skin, and with amazing dexterity carved great masses of bleeding meat clean from the bones. When they had finished, only a great skeleton remained. Outside the cave, eager, whining, the starving dogs obediently crouched. When they had completed the task of dressing, Ootah lifted his hand and the canines, with howling avidity, fell upon the steaming mass of entrails.

Upon the two sledges the hunters loaded and lashed securely their treasure of meat. In the moonlight the hot steam rose from the tremulous masses and Ootah's nostrils dilated with eager, anticipatory delight. The blood dripped upon the snow and Ootah's stomach ached. He had not dared to think of eating until now. Their hands shaking with nervous hunger, the two fell upon the remaining meat. They feasted with that savage hungry joy known only to human creatures who have faced starvation. When they started on the return journey there was a new vibrant elasticity in their steps.

Ootah snapped his whip and sang.

And his heart sang, too, of Annadoah.

Looking at the clouds, as they drifted through the valley, Ootah imagined he saw Annadoah lying upon her couch asleep, and in the faint light of an oil lamp he saw upon her face a pleased smile.

"Of what doth Annadoah dream?" Ootah asked the winds.

"Of springtime when the flowers bloom," the winds replied.

"And Annadoah will move to a new skin tent with Ootah!" he said, joyously, exultantly. "Ootah will bring food unto Annadoah and she will reward him with her love."

"Foolish Ootah," moaned the wind, "love cannot be won with food, neither with *ahmingmah* meat nor walrus blubber." Ootah felt his heart sink; a vague and heavy misgiving filled him. Being very simple, he had always thought that by securing wealth, in dogs and food, in guns and ammunition, and by achieving preëminence on the hunt, he should win Annadoah's confidence and love. But now, upon the breath of the winds, by the voices of nature, doubt came into his heart. The mistake of many men the world over, and of many wiser than he, he could not understand just why this was—this thing the winds said, and which his own heart correspondingly whispered. With food he might possibly win Annadoah's consent to be his wife, yes, he knew that; but Annadoah's love—that was another thing. Surely, he now realized, as he strode along, that by simply giving her food he could not expect to stir in her heart a

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response to that which throbbed in his. But why? Singularly he never thought of the bravery of his seeking food on this perilous adventure, an act which, had he known it, had indeed touched the heart of the beautiful maiden.

With the quick atmospheric change of the arctic—a phenomenon common to zones of extreme temperature—the wind steadily increased in velocity and warmth. The shallow moon-shot clouds on the ice thickened and swept softly under the two travellers' feet. Above their waists the air was clear—they saw each other distinctly in the moonlight. Yet their dogs, hidden in the low-lying vapor, were invisible. Great masses of clouds slowly piled along the horizon and the moon was often obscured. Then the two walked in a darkness so thick it seemed palpable.

"Hark!" Ootah called, during one of these spells. "What is that?" A shuddering sound split the air; the ice field on which they travelled vibrated with an ominous jar. The echoes of splitting ice came like distant explosions.

"Have we disturbed the spirits of the hills?" asked Koolotah, in a whisper.

"No, no," answered Ootah, anxiously. *"Huk! Huk!"* He snapped his whip and urged the dogs. They had not gone twenty paces when from the interior heights of Greenland came a series of muffled explosions. Undoubtedly the hill spirits had wakened, and, angry, were hurling their terrible weapons.

They reached, in due course, the top of a mountain ridge, down part of the glassy slopes of which they had to make their way to the entrance of the cleft in which lay the trail they had so laboriously hewn. The gorge yawned blackly some five hundred feet below. In anticipation of their return with loaded sledges, Ootah, on the last reach of their upland climb, had chopped on the smooth snows of the mountain side, a narrow path that ran backward and forward in the fashion of a gently inclining elongated spiral. The mountain sloped at an angle of eighty degrees, but by descending cautiously along this circuitous trail a safe descent was possible.

While Ootah and his companion stood on the peak, the moon passed behind a veil of clouds and Ootah felt two soft wraith-like hands pass over his face—cloud-hands which his simple soul felt were sentient things. His heart for the moment seemed to stop.

At that instant a stinging sound smote the air. The glacial side of the mountain trembled, and as the moon reappeared on the icy slopes Ootah saw narrow black cracks zigzagging in various directions. A cataclysmic rumbling sounded deep in the earth.

When the echoes died away he turned to Koolotah.

"Be brave of heart. Let us go—there is no time to lose."

"Huk! Huk! Huk!" They urged the dogs gently. Arranging themselves instinctively in single file, the traces slackening, the wonderful dogs, with feline caution, crept ahead. Lowering their bodies, each behind his sledge, Ootah and Koolotah began moving stealthily downward. With one hand each clung to the rough icy projections of the slope; with the other they held the rear upstander of their sleds to prevent them from sliding, with their precious loads of meat, down the mountain side.

Half way down, Ootah uttered a cry.

His quick ear detected a faint splitting noise, like the crack of young ice in forming, under his feet. In an instant he realized their danger.

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At the time he had reached a hollow in the perilous slope. The dogs ahead, with quick instinct, retreated and crouched at his feet in the sheltering cradle.

Ootah saw Koolotah turn and look inquiringly upwards. The next moment, driven downwards by the wind, a mass of clouds, glittering with bleached moonfire, rolled over the slopes and hid Koolotah. Ootah only heard his voice.

Then the glacial mountain side to which he clung trembled. A terrific crash, like that of cannon, followed. The very mountain seemed to shake. For a brief awful spell everything was still—then, with an appalling thunder, the ice split in various directions. The moon reappeared. Ootah—in a tense moment—saw chasms widening about him on the glistening slope. He heard the deafening echoing explosions of splitting ice in the distance . . . With fierce ferocity he instinctively fastened one bleeding hand to an icy projection above him, with the other he held with grimly desperate determination to the sled . . . In the next dizzy instant he felt the icy floor beneath him lurch itself forward and downward . . . before his very eyes he saw Koolotah and his team—not twenty feet below—wiped from existence by the descending glacier to which he clung and in the hollow crevice of which he found security . . . In a second's space he caught a clear vision of tremendous masses of green and purple glaciers being ground to fine powder in their swift descent on all sides of him, . . . he saw the feathery ice fragments catch fire in the moonlight, . . . he heard the elemental roar and grinding crash of ice mountains sundering in a titanic convulsion . . . then he lost hearing . . . In that same sick bewildering moment of preternatural consciousness he thought wildly of Annadoah . . . he saw her appealing wan face amid the blur of white moonlight . . . he knew she needed food . . . and he felt an ache at his heart . . . he called upon the spirits of his ancestors. Then the silvery swimming world of white dust-driven fire became suddenly black—and the earth seemed removed from under him.

In the village the natives were awakened from their lethargic sleep by the far-away crash of the avalanche. Their faces blanched as they thought of the hunters. "The hill spirits have smitten! *Ioh! Ioh!*" they moaned. In her igloo Annadoah, who had waited with sleepless anxiety, wept alone. Of all in the village only the heart of one, Maisanguaq, was glad.

VII

"The utter tragedy of her devotion to the man who had deserted her, and the utter hopelessness of his own deep passion, blightingly, horribly forced itself upon him . . . Ootah asked himself all the questions men ask in such a crisis . . . and he demanded with wild weeping their answer from the dead rejoicing in the auroral Valhalla. But there was no answer—as perhaps there may be no answer; or, if there is, that God, fearing lest in attaining the Great Desire, men should cease to endeavor, to serve and to labor, has kept it locked where He and the dead live beyond the skies."

The moon dipped behind the horizon. For five sleeps naught had been heard from Ootah and his companion. Inetlia, the sister of

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Koolotah, followed in turn by some of the other women, visited the igloo of Annadoah. Upon her couch of moss Annadoah lay, and over her a cover made by Ootah of the feathers of birds.

"'Twas thou who sent Ootah to the mountains," one complained. "May the ravens peck thine eyes!" cried another. Annadoah shook her head sadly and wept.

"'Twas thou who chose Olafaksoah, the robber from the south, that thou mightest be his wife; and 'twas thou, his wife, who beguiled the men and robbed thy tribe. Did we not give away our skins, and didst thou not make garments for Olafaksoah? And do we not now shudder from the cold? 'Twas thou who put the madness into the head of Ootah, the strongest of the tribe. Many are the maidens who are husbandless and yet Ootah pines for thee. Why didst thou not choose Ootah? Then he would have remained and prevented the thievery of the strangers, we should not have been robbed, and he would not have had to go far unto the mountains, where the spirits have struck him in their wrath. Nay, nay, thou didst make the men of our tribe sick with thoughts of thee. They have quarrelled among themselves. And before the white men came, did they not reproach us, their wives and their betrothed, with thy name and the vaunted skill of thee? Thou art as the woman with an iron tail, she who killed men when they came to her, their skins flushed with love. Thou destroyest men! Thou didst send Ootah and Koolotah to the mountains! And they have perished! *Ioh-h! Ioh-h!*"

Entering her igloo two or three at a time they reproachfully recited in chiding chants to Annadoah the story of her life; how her worthy and august parents had died, hoping she would choose a husband from the hunters, and how she had refused all who sought her; they told, with reiterant detail, how she had caused quarrels among the men, and sent many of the warriors in their competitive hunts to death; and how, finally, when Ootah, the bravest of the hunters, wanted to wed her, she had chosen a foreign man, who deserted her and left her a burden on the tribe.

To the native women the brutality and virility of the men from the south exerts a potent appeal; and the fact that Olafaksoah had chosen Annadoah many moons since still made their mouth taste bitter. This jealousy rankling within them, they now with angry exultation took occasion to mock and abuse her. The girl lay still and did not reply. Her heart indeed seemed like a bird lying dead in wintertime.

Then one of three women who stood by Annadoah's couch leaned forward and whispered a terrible thing. The others looked at the girl and fear, mingled with hatred, shone in their eyes.

"Thou sayest this thing," said one, "how dost thou know?"

And the second, pointing to the girl who lay before them, her face hidden in her arms, replied:

"The night my baby died . . . I heard her voice."

They stood in silence, rigid, implacable, bitter.

During the latter dark days a terrible calamity had made itself felt among the tribe. This was the death of many of the newly born. Outside the igloos during the past months, as the babies had come, the number of tiny mounds had increased, and when the aurora flooded the skies heart-broken mothers could be seen weeping over these graves of snow. It is not uncommon in this land for babies to die at birth or come prematurely; but the number of recent deaths and tragic accidents to ex-

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pectant mothers was unprecedented. This was undoubtedly due to the depleted vitality of the starving mothers—but to the natives there was some other, some unaccountable, some sinister, cause. In their hearts they experienced, each time a new mound rose white in the moonlight, that tremulous terror of a people who instinctively fear extinction. The grief of a mother was for a personal loss; to the tribe each death meant an even greater, more significant loss, a thing of more than personal consequence.

And when, out of the dim regions of her brain, one of the women conjured the terrible thing which she whispered concerning Annadoah, it was little wonder the other two regarded the girl as a thing hateful and accursed.

"*She stealeth souls!*"

Nothing more frightful could have been said.

"Yea, the night my baby died I heard her voice," repeated Inetlia angrily.

And the other, among the superstitious voices in her memory, found it not difficult to recall a similar thing:

"Methinks I heard her sing the night my own little one came—too soon."

And the third whispered:

"She is as the hungry hill spirit who feasts upon the entrails of the dead. Yea, she carrieth off the souls of the children. Ioh! Ioh!"

Their voices rose in a maniacal cry of terror and denunciation.

Annadoah rose. Clasping her hands, she asked:

"Why . . . say ye this of me?"

And they shrieked:

"Thou stealest souls! By the angakoq shalt thou be accursed!"

"No, no! No, no!" the girl pleaded, falling on her knees and weeping.

Although they suddenly ceased their reviling, hearing outside the barking of dogs, the women thereafter in secret often assembled together; there were ominous whisperings; and each time a child died visits were paid to the angakoq, and the unseen powers were invoked to bring misfortune to Annadoah.

Outside the silenced women detected the barking of dogs approaching the village from the distance. They heard the excited calls of the tribesmen and the chatter of other women. One by one they crept from the igloo. A strange light in her eyes, Annadoah followed.

Over the mountains to the north a soft and wondrous light began to palpitate tremulously . . . While the men of the tribe rushed to meet the oncoming team of dogs in the distance, the women stood and gazed with awe upon the increasing wonder in the skies . . . The northern lights, seen nowhere else so splendidly in the world, had begun the weaving of their glorious and eerie imagery. A nebulous film of silvery light wavered with incredible swiftness over the heavens . . . The snow-blanketed land took instantaneous fire in the sudden flares . . . In the torridly tropic heaven of the virtuous dead an unknown god, so the tribes believe, makes fire—just as in the nether regions beneath the earth the Great Evil, who has revealed himself with a more terrible reality than the Great Benign, creates cold and forges ice. In that land of the happy dead, disclosed in the aurora, there is never any night, nor is it ever cold. So the souls there are always happy. Sometimes in their revels they troop earthward to cheer the mortals who suffer from *Perdlugssuaq's*

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frigid breath as it comes during winter from hell . . . The women looked at one another. The augury was good.

"The spirits of the dead," one whispered, "are happy . . . They are playing ball."

Into their midst, surrounded by the glad cheering men of the tribe, Ootah staggered. His face was cut and covered with black clotted blood. His legs dragged with utter exhaustion. His features were gaunt and marked by lines of frightful suffering. His eyes were bright with the light of fever. When he saw Annadoah a faint but very glad smile passed over his countenance; he made an effort to forget the anguished throes of pain in his limbs and the intermittent shudderings of cold and flushes of intense fever. He tried to speak, but then shook his head sadly. Instead, he pointed to the dilapidated sledge. Three of his dogs had perished—five had been saved. The sled had been battered but was lashed together. Upon it, however, the precious load of meat was intact. The subtle aroma of it sent a wave of gladness through the crowd. They danced about Ootah, asking questions. Ootah staggered backward and sank helpless against the sledge. After a while he found voice.

"I am very weak," he managed to say.

Several of the women disappeared and soon returned with a bit of walrus blubber. This, having undergone a process of fermentation in the earth, possessed the intoxicating qualities of alcohol. It is used by the natives for purposes of stimulation in such cases and in their celebrations. Ootah with difficulty ate this.

He felt stronger, and rose.

"Thou art ill," said Annadoah, approaching him, and gently touching his wounded face. "Enter, Annadoah will care for thee."

Her face was perilously near him; it was very wan and beautiful in the auroral light—Ootah felt his heart beat wildly. But it was pity, not love, that shone softly from Annadoah's eyes.

"Thy igloo is cold, thy lamp unlighted," Annadoah insisted. "Come! The others will prepare thy couch and light thy lamps. Until then my bed is thine. It is warm within."

With difficulty Ootah bent low and followed Annadoah through the underground entrance of her igloo. His dogs, which the men had unhitched, and as many as could enter the small enclosure, followed. The stench of the oil lamp at first almost suffocated him. He sank to Annadoah's couch from sheer weakness, and his dogs, licking his face and hands, crept about him.

Meanwhile Annadoah began melting snow over her lamp. The others plied Ootah with questions. Did he go far into the mountains? Were there many *ahmingmah?* Did Koolotah perish? Was he in the mountains when the spirits struck? To all of this he could only move his head in response. While he sipped the warm water gratefully, Annadoah cut away his leather boots and bathed his injuries. His flesh was torn and one ankle was sprained—by a miracle not a bone had been broken in the fall. With unguents left years before by white men, Annadoah treated his many cuts and bruises and bound them securely with clean leather. After he lay back on the couch she bathed his face, and rubbed into the wounds salves which her father had given to her mother and which had been preciously preserved.

Ootah lay with his eyes closed; he seemed to float in the auroral skies without, in the very happy land of the dead. He forgot the pain in his

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limbs, the furnace in his forehead. He felt only the soothing touch of Annadoah's dear hands, and her breath at times very near, fanning his face; he heard her voice murmuring to the onlooking natives. Not satisfied with these ministrations, in which they really had little faith, the others presently brought a young *angakoq,* one better loved than the dead Sipsu. For being young he had not prophesied many deaths.

All moved away as the magician began beating his membrane drum over Ootah's body. Working himself into frenzy, he called upon his familiar spirits. For, according to their belief, illness, and the suffering resultant from wounds, are actually caused by the spirits of the various members of the body falling out of harmony. Then the *angakoq* must persuade his friends in the other world to restore peace among the spirits of the human hand, feet, head, or whatever limbs may be affected. The soul, or great spirit, they say resides in one's shadow, and sometimes this falls out of agreement with the minor spirits of the body. Then one is in bad shape, indeed.

For half an hour the chant and dance continued. Meanwhile Ootah opened his eyes and often smiled at Annadoah. He was better, he told them, and motioned the *angakoq* to go. He bade Annadoah sit beside him. He felt unquestionably better.

"You have asked me whether I went far over the mountains? Yea, we travelled many sleeps, yet we scarcely rested. The world was white about us. The spirits carried us over dark places in the hills, wherein *Perdlugssuaq* makes his home. But he did not strike. We were borne over abysses. The spirits of one's ancestors are often kind. We went through the world of the fog, she who was the wife of that hill spirit who carried the dead from their graves and ate them. Yea, she passed beneath our feet. We came to the high mountains. We passed upwards where the eyes of strange beasts glared upon us. I was afraid. But I called upon my father. Then the spirits of the great dead came down upon us. They wore *kamiks* and *ahttees* of fire. Their eyes burned as the great light of the stars. They did not regard us. We came unto the *ahmingmah* . . . But upon our return the hill spirits who live in the caves wakened and struck with their great harpoons. They shook the mountains. Then the good ancestors carried me through *sila*—the world of the air—yea, my dogs, my sledge, and the *ahmingmah* meat. I had called upon those who went before me. I woke at the bottom of the mountain, three of my dogs were crushed, my sledge was broken . . . I lay there a while . . . I slept again . . . often . . . Then I lashed the sled, ate a little of the *ahmingmah* meat, and came . . . here . . . How . . . Ootah knows not . . . It was hard at times . . . I could hardly walk . . . the ice moved about me . . . always . . . so—" He described a circle with his hand. "But I bethought me of Annadoah—" he smiled—"and I said, I go to Annadoah . . . That is how I came . . . I said Annadoah is hungry—yea, as I said it when the eyes looked at me on the mountains, when the hill spirits made my heart grow cold, when Koolotah desired to return . . . Koolotah—he hath gone . . . Koolotah's dogs are gone . . . But I called upon my dead father, my dead grandfather, and the older ones—and I thought of Annadoah." He leaned toward her yearningly, his voice trembling. Fearfully the girl drew away. "It is she who brought the *ahmingmah* meat," he said. "It is she who led me to the *ahmingmah*. Yea, she brings you the *ahmingmah* meat. For the thought of her brings Ootah back after the spirits

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strike . . . It is she, who lives in the heart of Ootah, who has done all this . . . But you are hungry. Come!"

He rose slowly and crept through the underground tunnel leading from the igloo. The others followed. Without, most of the tribe were waiting. At Ootah's command the men unlashed the sledge-load of meat, and the division began. To Annadoah Ootah gave one-eighth of the load, enough to last by frugal use for more than two moons, or months. Among the others, of whom there were about twenty-five, the remainder was proportionately divided. For himself Ootah reserved only as much as he gave the others.

Outside Annadoah's igloo all engaged in a joyous revel. Hungrily they feasted upon the raw meat. Then they beat drums and danced. Their voices rose in hilarious chants. Wild joy shook them. Ootah was acclaimed hero of the tribe. Although they have no chiefs, he was accorded the honor of being the bravest and strongest among them. And to the strongest and most heroic the last word in all things belongs.

Of all who were able to participate in the celebration, Maisanguaq alone retired. From the seclusion of his igloo entrance he watched the scene with rancor in his heart.

Over the northern skies the auroral lights played, lighting the scene of spontaneous rejoicing with magical glory. Great silver coronas—or rings of light—constantly arose in the north, passed to the zenith and melted as they descended to the south. Luminous curtain-like films closed and parted alternately like the veils of a Valhalla drawn back and forth before the warrior souls of the north. Tremendous fan-shaped shafts of opalescent fire shot toward the zenith and like searchlights moved to and fro across the sky. The clouds became illumined with an interior flame and glowed like diaphanous mists of gold half concealing the vague faces of the beauteous spirits of the dead. Their billowing edges palpitated with a tremor as of quicksilver. Within and through this empyreal web of light marvellous scenes were simultaneously woven. They lasted a moment's space and vanished. The natives, dancing unrestrainedly, saw heavenly mountain slopes covered with a grass of emerald fire and glittering with starry flowers. They saw the gigantic shadows of celestial *ahmingmah* passing behind the clouds . . . and here and there were the cyclopean adnumbrations of great caribou, and creatures for which they did not have a name. A tossing sea of rippling waves of light was presently unfolded, and over it they saw millions of birds, with wings of fire, soaring with bewildering rapidity from horizon to zenith . . . This faded . . . Monstrous and gorgeous flowers of living rainbow tints burst into bloom—fields of them momentarily covered the heaven. These the natives regarded with only half accustomed wonder, for they knew there were strange flowers in the land of the dead.

As they danced, the colored imageries steadily faded in the increasing intensity of the great banded coronas that rose from the north. A light of cold electric fire blazed over the heavens until a frigid silver day, brighter than any day of sunshine, reached its brief noon upon the earth.

Rocking their bodies and singing, the natives dispersed to their respective igloos. Sitting on his sledge by Annadoah, Ootah dimly heard their voices echoing into silence; he experienced terrible pains again in his limbs and the fever in his head. Everything became dizzy, and with a sick feeling of faintness he crept into Annadoah's igloo and fell upon her couch.

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It was in his heart to ask her once again to be his, to repeat the protestation of his love; he felt that he had shown he deserved to win her. But his utter weakness, and the very enthralling delight of her soft hands on his forehead, kept him still. He lay in a semi-delirium, suffering greatly, but at heart very happy. A new peace possessed him. Never had Annadoah caressed him before, never had he felt the tingling thrill of her tender hands, never had her breath so perilously warmed his face.

For an hour she sat by him, perfunctorily bathing his wounds with the white men's ointment and rubbing a yellow salve upon his face. And while she did this, often, very often, she closed her eyes. Sometimes her hands, as they passed over his forehead, absently wandered to the couch, sometimes they soothed only the air near the suffering man. Then she would recall herself. Gazing upon Ootah, pity would fill her; and then —well, then her mind would wander. She was faint herself, tired and half-asleep.

Once, as she touched Ootah's hand, he closed it impulsively over hers. Her heart gave a thud. Her eyelids quivered. A smile appeared on her face. Ootah pressed her hand more firmly—he did not realize how fiercely in his fever. His blood ran high; in a mingled delirium of pain and transport he drew her slowly toward him. Her one hand soothed his brow, softly, very gently. The smile on her face deepened. She gasped with a throe of the old memories.

"Olafaksoah," she breathed, rapturously.

Ootah felt a horrible pain grip his heart. He opened his eyes, stark conscious. He saw the eyes of Annadoah were closed. On her face he observed the fond, far-away smile; he knew her heart was in the south. And in that frightful moment his untutored mind by instinct realized why she had bandaged and soothed him so tenderly, realized, indeed, that in doing so, in his stead, her mind had conjured up the vision of Olafaksoah. His hands were strong, she had said, they hurt her. Ootah, with ferocity, gripped her little hand tighter.

"Olafaksoah," she murmured again, with delight—then, recalling herself, suddenly shrieked as she opened her eyes.

Ootah staggered to his feet. The utter tragedy of her devotion to the man who had deserted her, the utter hopelessness of his own deep passion blightingly, horribly forced itself upon him.

"Annadoah! Annadoah! Annadoah!" he wailed, his voice sobbing the beloved name.

The igloo was stifling; he felt that he was suffocating. Everything reeling about him, he crept painfully from the igloo into the night. He felt he must be alone.

Outside the aurora was paling with intermittent cascades of revolving lights. Over the snows glittering rosy fingers painted running rainbow traceries. It seemed as though the spirit revellers were pouring fiery jewels from the skies.

Ootah stood before that revealed and radiant land of the dead—the dead who danced and were happy—his hands clenched and upraised above him.

"Annadoah! Annadoah!" he sobbed the name again and again, and in his voice throbbed all the piteousness, all the bitterness of his utter heartbreak. There was no reproach in his shuddering sobs; only sorrow, only the desolation and eternal heart-ache of that which loves

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mightily, unrequitedly, and realizes that all it desires can never, never be.

Ootah asked himself all the questions men ask in such a crisis; why, when he loved so indomitably, the heart of Annadoah should stir only with the thought of another; why the spirits that weave the fabric of men's fate had designed it thus; why the ultimate desire of the heart is forever ungranted and an intrinsically unselfish love too often finds itself defeated—these questions, in his way, he asked of his soul, and he demanded, with wild weeping, their answer from the dead rejoicing in the paling Valhalla. But there was no answer—as perhaps there may be no answer; or, if there is, that God, fearing lest in attaining the Great Desire men should cease to endeavor, to serve and to labor, has kept it locked where He and the dead live beyond the skies.

Ootah fell prostrate to the ground and his body throbbed on the ice in uncontrollable throes of grief. The aurora faded above him. Darkness closed upon the earth. Sitting in her igloo, startled, vaguely perplexed and half-afraid, Annadoah heard him sobbing throughout the night.

[*To be continued*]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Peace or War?

AT the moment of writing, clouds have again appeared in the Balkans, and what seemed to be a clearing sky is once more, and ominously, overcast. But the political weather at present is very changeable, and the threatened storm may pass, with such sunshine for Christmastide as may be found by those tens of thousands who have already paid their share of the reckoning of dead and wounded. It is a pity that modern war, which has so many earnest advocates as a regenerator of nations, cannot be adapted to drawing-room requirements, the game being played on a small scale, but with sufficient blood on the carpet to indicate the complete exhilarating exhibition. If nations can only be regenerated by sending the pick of their manhood to the shambles, the regeneration would seem scarcely worth while, and internationalism might be given a trial.

It is impossible to disguise the seriousness of the Austrian and Servian preparations for a winter campaign, particularly the appointment of General von Hoetzendorf to succeed General Schemua as the Austrian Chief of Staff. Russia, of course, is mobilizing; and it would need only a small incident to precipitate a conflict of gigantic proportions. This, then, is the time for the apostles of the regenerative influence of slaughter to come forward and do their best to inflame national animosities. The rostrum is at present vacant. Will any militarist step forward—or perhaps Colonel Roosevelt would like to encourage at least a rehearsal of Armageddon?

The Terms of Peace

THE terms of peace proposed by Bulgaria would have staggered the world before the recent successes transformed exaggeration into moderation. The suggested frontier of Turkey in Europe will run from Enos, a port east of Dedeagatch, to Midia, on the Black Sea. The lower reaches of the Maritza and the line of the Ergene would provide natural boundaries.

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This would still leave Turkey a considerable portion of Thrace,—a regrettable contingency. The work that has been almost done might well have been completed. Turkey as an Asiatic empire would have a chance of justifying herself; as a European excrescence she presents merely a problem for future surgery.

The disposition of the conquered territory will be decided by the Allies, subject to the approval or bickering of the Powers. The question of Servia's "little window" on the sea should not prove insoluble. Unfortunately, however, a powder magazine in which anyone is liable to drop a match is not the most suitable place in which to discuss differences of opinion.

In the meantime, Greece is quietly picking up unconsidered trifles, and in the end she will probably retain Crete and all the islands she has conquered, together with part of Epirus as well as Thessaly. Bulgaria will try to assimilate all of Thrace that is not allotted as a consolation prize to the Sultan, and as she will have to adjust frontiers with Roumania, she will probably seek additional compensation. Servia's share will depend on whether her outlet to the sea is to be between Albania and Montenegro on the Adriatic, or on the Ægean. Albania, no doubt, will be converted into a principality, perhaps on a federal basis and under the guarantee of the Powers.

These are the probabilities—apart from the distractions of diplomacy and the threatening attitude of Austria-Hungary. It would be amusing—as amusement is taken in diplomatic circles—if Europe were to be plunged into a general war for the sake of thirty miles of rocky coast-line coveted by Servia.

An Emperor of Byzantium

THE idea of an Emperor of Byzantium reigning over a new Christian Empire extending from the Bosphorus to the Danube, and from the Ægean almost to the frontier of Hungary, however fascinating both to the mediævalist and the modernist, seems destined to pass unrealized. A Balkan Federation stretching from Crete to Belgrade, and from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, would naturally be the seventh Great Power—but

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it would also be the eighth Wonder of the World. There are too many jealousies to be placated, and Europe has become accustomed to the possession of the City of Constantine by an Asiatic race. Every effort will be made at the Peace Conference at London to leave the Sultan as large a strip of territory as possible on the European side of the straits. It is undesirable to revive religious animosities; but the century which witnessed the fall of Constantinople would be astonished at the attitude of the diplomatists of to-day, bolstering up a decayed power and an outmoded régime because of their inability to agree as to the disposition of the spoils.

A Trial of Strength

WE shall all watch with interest—and we shall probably be watching for a considerable time—the progress of the different proceedings that have been instituted, or will be instituted, to postpone and if possible avert the penalty to which Becker and the convicted gun-men have been sentenced. We hold no brief for capital punishment. It is unpleasant, as murder is unpleasant. It is tragic, as murder is tragic. The system that produces Beckers, and the slums, saloons, dives, and administrative incompetence that produce gun-men, are more vicious than their individual products. A really civilized community would devote its rigorous attention to the conditions that foster criminality, and provide remedial rather than punitive measures for the victims. But the Rosenthal case must be taken as it stands, in relation to existing conditions. A supreme principle is involved—whether the commercialization of vice is to be permitted or exterminated. Mr. Whitman has done fine work, in the face of extraordinary obstacles. That work cannot be nullified. Whatever remains to be done must be done quickly. The law must not become the tool of the underworld that flouts it habitually, but makes the fullest use of legal technicalities and evasions when the flow of "easy money" for graft and murder has been cut off, and the police bully and the slum bully are in the toils at last. This is a test case—a clear trial of strength between decency and intolerable indecency. Every effort has been made

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to belittle or confuse the issue—but the underworld is not under any misapprehensions. It is fighting for the immunity that corrupt or incompetent administrations have tried to establish as the special privilege of organized criminality. If the underworld succeeds in this instance, decency may prepare for a long hibernation—for which it will deserve little sympathy.

The English Insurgents

THE civil war in England has been dwarfed by the Balkan situation, but the latest advices from London show that the campaign is being assiduously carried on. Several letter boxes occupying strategic positions were captured by the insurgents, and their contents destroyed, though the Government forces by a flank movement subsequently regained possession, which may prove only temporary. The country is in a critical condition in consequence of so many women having been withdrawn from their peaceful avocations; the marriage rate is falling; coal is dearer; the plate glass insurance companies are charging prohibitive premiums; and it is confidently expected that the whole trade of the kingdom will be paralyzed and its prosperity permanently destroyed. In spite, however, of the uncompromising attitude of some of the insurgent leaders, there will probably be an interval for refreshments at Christmastide; but hostilities will be renewed on Boxing Day, and some intercepted despatches from headquarters indicate that the next point of attack will be the candy stores, sufficient vitriol having been secured to destroy all the candy in stock. By thus bringing pressure to bear upon the children, deprived of their customary consolation, it is hoped that the justice of the insurgent cause and the moderation with which it has been prosecuted will be made indisputably clear to public opinion.

Criminal Outrages

AT the conference of governors at Richmond, Virginia, Governor Cole L. Blease of South Carolina declared publicly and emphatically that he approved of lynching in cases of criminal assault by negroes on white women.

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For two things, and for two things only, in this connection, Governor Blease may be commended: he has the courage to make his position quite clear, instead of resorting to evasion; and he has the intelligence to perceive that constitutions are not rigid cages, within which nations and individuals must be content to grow as best they can, even though they may be unable either to stand upright or to lie down at full length. When he exclaimed "To hell with the constitution!" he was expressing, if somewhat impolitely, a profound principle, which we should do well to consider more attentively. Though the wisdom of the Fathers may have been remarkable, the wisdom of the sons need not be petrified. Certain guarantees of order and stability we must have; but the parrot cry that what has been done once has been done forever, that the eighteenth century must mould and dominate all its successors, is merely an irritating nuisance. Society has too long been devoted to its straitjacket. We need more elasticity, in political, industrial and social life. The men who can transcend tradition, defy convention, discard routine, and bring initiative and new force to the solution of new problems, are the natural leaders of a nation. The letter of a law can never be more sacred than the spirit, all the pharisees, ancient and modern, notwithstanding. The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath—though the sabbath was proclaimed in Genesis and hedged with all the sanctities of the centuries.

So much for digression. With regard to the open advocacy of mob violence, there must be complete condemnation. The subject of the "black peril" is a painful one, not easily discussed, and certainly not easily settled. It is not a problem for America alone; in certain districts of South Africa white women have learnt to carry and to use revolvers. One cannot consider the question in an academic spirit, or deny full comprehension of the attitude of those who face an ever-present menace. There are some issues of life and death that cannot be brought within the limits of any code of normal conduct; there are conditions under which any man living would throw theory to the winds and carry all the statutes of all the nations in one clenched hand. But no man may be allowed to stand up and say that as the responsible Executive of a State he will support and encourage

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the substitution of mob violence, with its constant possibilities of mistakes that can never be remedied, for the proper and effective processes of law. If a man has to die, and the law cannot kill him swiftly or painfully enough, alter the law; blazon it out that there is boiling oil, or whatever may be chosen, for the negro, and a careful trial for the white man. But let us, here as in other cases, have done with hypocrisy: the hypocrisy that proclaims equal citizenship and equal rights—subject to the impartial discrimination of lynch law.

A House of Mystery

THE world and his wife are notoriously attracted by a mystery, whether in a story, a woman, a man or a house. The mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask—so ingeniously used by Dumas père; of Glamis Castle, with its gloomy secret revealed to each heir as he comes of age, but tenaciously withheld from the public; of the little Dauphin whose memorial is a formal numeral between the sixteenth Louis and the eighteenth; of Napoleon's strange and fateful indispositions; of the treasures of the Incas and the lost ransom of Montezuma; of the Letters of Junius; of Fiona Macleod; of the Wandering Jew; and, in later fiction, of a Hansom Cab and the Yellow Room;—solved or unsolved, these and their thousands of parallels have provided fitting food for curiosity.

One more mystery, with the sap extracted, has now been added to the list of those that have surrendered to Time their power to baffle and perplex. The house of Dr. Phené, the recluse of Chelsea, has been explored and its contents put up for auction. A man of great learning and the owner of a good deal of property, Dr. Phené lived for many years in a fantastic and unfinished house in Oakley Street, Chelsea, London. The house had extensive grounds, and at the further end of these was another building, long left deserted. Legend ran that the houses were stored with amazing treasures. They were decorated outside with stucco statues of all kinds of deities, and people peeping over the walls could see vast masses of stonework and odd collections of statuary in the grounds. There were

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many speculations as to what would be found when Dr. Phené died, an event which occurred last March. And last week prospective buyers were admitted to the houses to examine the collection of—rubbish. The grounds were heaped up—so that it was scarcely possible to find pathways through—with stonework, broken statues, innumerable stucco casts, chipped and battered figures taken from old churches, blocks of unhewn marble, piles of tiles of hideous designs—everything in hopeless disorder. The rooms themselves were full of broken furniture, broken statues, piles of engravings—and dirt everywhere.

So one more illusion is shattered—and no one is much the wiser.

Single Terms

MR. TAFT'S advocacy, at the Lotos Club, of the six-year Presidential term, without re-election, brings again into momentary prominence a proposal that may well be dropped. The existing four years is already too long for a President who has proved that his election was a mistake, while it would be wrong to deprive the country by a rigid rule of the services of a President to whom a second term would be gladly conceded. There is neither danger nor disadvantage in a single re-election, unless the President is able to use the leverage of his position to remain in office against the general desire of the public. It is contended that the last election disposed finally of this argument; but it would be unwise to try to draw conclusions from an election conducted under unprecedented conditions, with one of the great parties disorganized and demoralized. The remedy for abuses of power lies, not in the single term restriction, but in placing the nomination and election of the President in more suitable hands than those of State bosses and machine-voted delegates to disorderly conventions.

Procurers and the Lash

A BILL dealing with the "white slave" traffic has passed through all its stages in the British House of Commons, and through its second reading, without a division, in the House of Lords. Flogging is provided for procurers and—at the second

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conviction—for men who live upon the immoral earnings of women. A first conviction should be quite sufficient to earn the reward of the lash. Lord Willoughby de Broke referred to the commercialization of vice. The real thing at the bottom of the question, he said, was the love of money. During one single year the profits from the trade of the procurer in Chicago amounted to something like $15,000,000.

Yet Chicago has had a police force for some time.

Legal Lunacy

IN his article *Prison Bars* in this issue of THE FORUM, Mr. Donald Lowrie draws attention to some startling contrasts in the administration of the law in California.

"I know," he states, "a professional 'crook,' a man thoroughly familiar with court procedure, who was sent back to San Quentin for his tenth offence with a sentence of one year. He had served nine previous terms for felony. I know another man who came back the seventh time with a sentence of two years. I know five youths, all under 21 years of age, who were sentenced to serve 50 years each for their first offence. A particularly atrocious robbery had occurred in the community, and they, the subsequent and minor offenders, were used as 'examples.'"

"Do you wonder," Mr. Lowrie adds, "that I advocate the indeterminate sentence?"

Scarcely.

But we may wonder how long it will be before a judge who could sentence a boy to fifty years for his first offence will be certified as legally insane and provided with his proper environment in a criminal asylum.

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An announcement by Mitchell Kennerley

THE MODERN DRAMA SERIES

EDITED BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Each volume uniform cloth binding, prices various

A NEW day seems to be dawning for the American drama and stage. The quality of the plays winning public approval has been steadily improving. The play-reading habit, formerly almost wholly missing, has been growing with astonishing rapidity. This tendency toward better things has brought with it a desire for acquaintance with the best dramatic production of other countries. Much has been done in a few years to meet this desire, but the greater part of the necessary work remains still undone. The Modern Drama Series aims at accomplishing it in a systematic way and under circumstances promising equal satisfaction to the scholar and the layman. Much that is desirable, or even great, may, for various reasons, have to be left out of the series, but nothing will be included that is not worthy of intelligent attention. While chiefly made up of translations, the series will find a place for English and American plays of a high order. It will deal primarily with the contemporary drama, but may also, for the sake of the historical background, include certain plays from earlier periods. The editor of the series, who is well known both through his studies in modern literature and through his English version of August Strindberg's plays, will contribute translations from the three Scandinavian languages and German. From those chosen to assist him, three essential qualities will be exacted: familiarity with the language of the original, artistic command of the English language, and ability to grasp not only the letter but the spirit of the work to be transplanted. Translations from the Russian will be made by Thomas Seltzer; from the French, by Freeman Tilden; from the Italian, by Allan and Edith Updegraff. Two or more volumes will be published during the coming Spring. Each volume will contain three plays by the same author, together with introduction and bibliography. Further announcements concerning the series will be made as the plans for it mature.

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Contributors to the February Forum

George Bourne has contributed before to The Forum. He is the author of *The Bettesworth Book, Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer,* and *Change in the Village,*—a succession of quiet, pregnant studies of life and the philosophy of life as they may be found "far from the madding crowd."

Walter Lippmann was born in New York City in September, 1889. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1910, and then spent a year in post-graduate work in philosophy, holding an appointment as assistant in philosophy under Professor George Santayana. At Harvard, he was editor of *The Harvard Monthly,* president of the Harvard Socialist Club, and member of Phi Beta Kappa. He was connected with *The Boston Common* for a short time, and was then taken on to the staff of *Everybody's.* For almost a year he assisted Lincoln Steffens in an investigation of the "money power." In January, 1912, he was appointed Executive Secretary to Mayor Lunn of Schenectady, but resigned in May, subsequently publishing a criticism of the socialist administration in *The New York Call.* He has contributed articles to *Everybody's, The Times Book Review,* and other periodicals.

Cosmo Hamilton was born in London, England, and has English, Irish and French blood in his veins. While he is a Tory by inheritance, he is by conviction intolerant of convention. He was the third editor of the London *World* and started and owned the well known *Tuesday Review* at Oxford University. He has written many novels and many plays, and has been unusually successful. He recently came to this country to observe the reception of his latest play, *The Blindness of Virtue;* to read some of the notices of his latest novel, *The Outpost of Eternity;* and to explain to Eugenists his views with regard to the teaching of sex hygiene in schools and colleges. He is still in the early thirties, plays golf for exercise, enjoys work, and is a complete optimist, with many friends and one enemy.

Arthur Stringer was born at London, Ontario, in 1874. He was educated at Toronto University and at Oxford, England. He is the author of several books of poems and prose, including *The Loom of Destiny, The Woman in the Rain,* and *Irish Poems.*

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was educated in the public schools of Ohio and Kentucky, and then at Kentucky Wesleyan College and Kentucky University, graduating from the university with the A.B. degree, and later receiving the honorary A.M. degree. For some time he filled the chair of Latin and Greek in Eureka College, Eureka, Illinois, but resigned to take up post-graduate work in the University of Chicago. He is the author of *The Saxons,* and of *The Americans,* a remarkable drama which will be published shortly.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FEBRUARY FORUM

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE was born in New York City, but at the age of three months was taken to Germany. She remained abroad for twelve years, spending most of the time in Germany. Returning to America, she soon left again for Jamaica, W. I., where she lived for two years, followed by another year in Europe—chiefly in France and Italy. Since then she has remained in her own country and for the past three years has been successfully engaged in literary work in New York. She is devoted to the country and to all open-air pursuits—walking, riding, tennis, sailing, canoeing. She is a competent farmer and can milk a cow and plough a straight furrow.

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN was born in New York in 1884. For some time he was connected with *The Hartford Courant* as book reviewer, and afterwards was dramatic and musical critic for the New York *Globe*.

MARIAN COX was born in Missouri, but resides in New York when she is not travelling round the world. She is the author of *Crowds and the Veiled Woman*, and of *Spiritual Curiosities*. Several of her short stories have appeared in THE FORUM.

JAMES MARIE HOPPER was born in Paris in 1876, his father being Irish and his mother French. His father dying in 1887, the remainder of the family came to California, settling in Oakland. Mr. Hopper was educated in the public schools there, and at the University of California. After graduating he took up newspaper work, but in 1902 went to the Philippines, where he wrote the first of his Philippine stories. He is the author of several books and many short stories.

E. E. MILLER was born in eastern Tennessee in 1879, and has spent most of his time in farming and in writing about farming. He has contributed country-life and agricultural papers to the leading periodicals. Since 1908 he has been managing editor of *The Progressive Farmer*.

L. L. BERNARD was born in Kentucky in 1881, removing to West Texas at the age of eight. He was educated at the University of Missouri and at the University of Chicago, receiving from the latter institution the degree of Ph.D. in sociology in 1910. After teaching sociology for one year at Western Reserve University he was appointed to the chair of history and the social sciences in the University of Florida, which he now occupies. He is vice-president of the Florida Conference of Charities and Correction and a member of the executive committee of the Southern Sociological Congress.

W. B. TRITES was born in Philadelphia in 1872. He was educated at the Philadelphia Episcopal Academy and the University of Pennsylvania, and is the author of two novels, *John Cave* and *Life*.

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The Forum for 1913

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

ONE OF THE LEADING features of THE FORUM for the next few months will be a series of articles on *The New Abolition Movement,* by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer. In these papers the social evil and "white slave" problems will be considered fully and without reservations. It is already becoming clear, even to those who glibly repeat that the evil has always existed, and always will, that a new science of human development is coming into being. Eugenics has done much; it has shown that the sacrifice of the essential beauty of sex-relationship to greed and lust can no longer be tolerated. In spite of all the stereotyped arguments of those who preach the gospel of outward decency and inner corruption, the balanced investigations of scientists and the daily efforts of educators are crystallizing the issue and bringing nearer the inevitable result: the wiping out of the traffic in womanhood and the extinction of the commercialized brothel. But eugenics must be supplemented; the new science of human development must be born.

ALL THAT IS IMPLIED in this new science will be made clear in Mrs. Spencer's articles. The old position that ignorance constitutes virtue has already been abandoned. Men and women have discarded the stupid superstition that conditions that vitally affect hundreds of thousands of both sexes every year should not be discussed, but should be allowed unchecked to drain the life-force of the nation. The new movement demands knowledge as the preliminary to action; and the finest women and men of the day are preparing to take a part in the discussion that has too long been left to the settlement of those directly interested in the commercialization of vice, or irrevocably bound by the prejudices of the generations which tolerated the intolerable, in the name of false modesty.

IN ADDITION TO Mrs. Spencer's articles, there will be four papers by Darrell Figgis on the subject of *A Nation in Ireland.* These will be of exceptional interest to all Irishmen, and to all, of whatever nationality, who wish to understand the true nature of the Irish question and the real position of Ireland to-day.

IN THE PRESENT number, there is a paper by Walter Lippmann on *The Taboo in Politics.* This will be followed by several others, in which the whole philosophy and practice of politics will be subjected to the analysis of a searching intellect. The originality and freshness of these contributions will be found to be as distinctive as their clarity and effectiveness.

THERE WILL BE OTHER special features, including a new serial. So far as possible, the articles will be shorter and more condensed, so that a wider range of topics may be covered each month. Poetry will continue to receive a conspicuous position, and it is hoped that the poets of America will send in their best work, abandoning more and more the conventional and traditional, and giving to the Time-Spirit what it has not yet received—adequate expression. *The Factory,* a long poem by Harry Kemp, will appear shortly. Spring odes and out-moded moralizings are not desired. It is better to fail with an idea that was at least worth while, than to succeed unimportantly by following worn—and worn-out—grooves.

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